The Chinese Connection *Stanley Karnow*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—January 19, 1974, 50 cents

NR LB OBALDWP069 1 0974
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO
44017
NEWSPAPER

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

## Those Missing 18 Minutes

*George O'Toole*

## A New Arms Race Ahead?

*Herbert Scoville, Jr.*

**John Osborne on Hanging in There**

**Patrick Keane on the Life of Yeats**

**Saul Maloff on Nelson Algren**

**The Editors on Congress vs. Nixon**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# High Blood Pressure Is a Joke.

. . . a *bad* joke. High blood pressure—doctors call it hypertension—is a silent, mysterious disease. It cripples and kills without warning. One in seven adult Americans has it, and half don't know it. There are no special symptoms, but when your blood pressure goes up and stays up, it's no laughing matter. Untreated, it can lead to heart attack, stroke and kidney failure. This year alone, 900,000 will die from these diseases. Your doctor can detect hypertension, and can usually control it. So get a checkup. And follow your doctor's orders. No one else can do it for you. Right? Meanwhile, the Heart Association is working hard to learn what causes hypertension and how it can be cured . . . to find people with high blood pressure and get them under treatment. We're doing it through research, education and community programs. Your contribution to the Heart Fund will keep us working. No joke.

**For information about High Blood Pressure—ask your Heart Association.**

**Give Heart Fund**

*Contributed by the Publisher*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Why pay an answering service when you can own your own?

Dictaphone has a machine that makes sure that you never lose another cent through a missed phone call or a garbled message. In fact, we have a whole line of them.

They're called ANSAFONES. They answer the call and give out a message in your own voice and then record the incoming caller's message. There's even a model which will allow you to call in from any phone in the world and get your telephone messages played back to you automatically.

ANSAFONE telephone answering machines are not toys. They're sophisticated, high quality business machines designed to work for you 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. They help big companies cover their switchboards at night during off-hours, distributors take orders 24-hours a day and small businesses keep the phone covered and stay "open for business" around the clock.

You can buy one outright or, possibly, lease it for less than you would pay an answering service. If your business depends upon the phone for orders or incoming information, ANSAFONE can help you.

For a free brochure describing how much ANSAFONE can help you in your business, mail this coupon today.

**Dictaphone**

350 South Kellogg,Suite S,Goleta, CA 93017

Please send me complete information on Dictaphone's line of telephone answering systems.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Telephone No:_____

1 563 : 1 8 7 0 5 MN1172

Dictaphone and Ansafone are registered trademarks of Dictaphone Corp., Rye, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRB®

from Washington
January 19, 1974

## The Pall of Impeachment

Adelle Smith sighs as she folds the form and neatly seals the gummed envelope. She arrives at nine and leaves at five. All day she looks at these totems on her glass-topped desk in the outer office: a cradled telephone with a bank of push-buttons; an additional bank of buttons for upstairs; a calendar that folds over; a circular lazy susan for office stamps and an ink pad; an olive green metal file box; a porcelain roller to wet stamps; a dispenser for blue paper jotting slips; a typewriter; a hand-cranked adding machine; and a picture of her mother.

She puts the envelope in the "Out" box. She sighs.

The envelope is addressed to "Internal Revenue Service Center." It is her income tax. She earns $150 a week—$7800 a year—but she never sees it. She finds she has paid $1057.50 in tax in the past year: 14 cents on the dollar. Who does she think about as she looks at the letter? President Nixon.

Congress comes back to Washington January 21 and maybe it will do something about Adelle Smith, and maybe not, but in a way it will be influenced by her. For it too will be thinking about President Nixon's surprising income tax, though the subject does not rightly fit into the impeachment investigation now begun. It is doubtful whether most people, even yet, realize how impeachment is going to dominate things.

► Just about the time Mr. Nixon delivers his State of the Union message this month, the House committee on impeachment may ask for subpoena powers and there will be the first preliminary test of sentiment in Congress.

► Just about the time (February-March) that Mr. Nixon is seeking to implement new initiatives and restore his prestige, the House committee considers holding open debate on what constitutes an "impeachable offense."

► Just about the time in April when the House committee sends a report to the full House, the last of 81 million income tax-paying Americans will join Adelle Smith and hurriedly send their April 15 forms to the Internal Revenue Service, which will shake $110 billion out of the envelopes. Many taxpayers will be mentally comparing their taxes to Mr. Nixon's.

This may be terribly unfair. We are just trying to explore the background of the forthcoming situation; such a situation as the nation has not seen for a century. The impeachment procedure is like an irreversible escalator that climbs implacably and inexorably to some new unknown political landing.

As for Mr. Nixon's taxes, in 1970 he paid $792 on a total of $262,942; and in 1971 he paid $878 on earnings of $262,-384. By use of loopholes he raised his estate from a third of a million to a million while in office. We will presume that all his tax shelters were legitimate though the Internal Revenue Service has reopened an audit on them. But Adelle Smith twirls the roller with which she wets postage stamps. Why, she paid more taxes than the President!

Whether Mr. Nixon deserves impeachment may be left to Congress but a bigger question is whether his authority will be such, if he survives, that he can govern. Wouldn't it be better for the country if, for reasons of health, he turned the helm over to Jerry?

A lot of Republican leaders think so; they think that their party would be aided if Mr. Nixon retired. But we have another odd feeling about this: that in the savage midterm election year of 1974 a lot of voters are not going out gunning for Republicans, nor Democrats, but for *incumbents*. What have Democrats done for us that they deserve support?

There is a vacuum of leadership in the Democratic Congress. They are lolling back waiting for the plum to fall in their lap. Where is the housing legislation there should be? Where is the health legislation? Congress can't put its own budget procedure in shape. It slipped out of Washington in the energy crisis without an agreement; in the midst of shameful exposure of campaign contribution abuses, it could not produce a remedy. Above all, tax reform. The tax system that benefits Mr. Nixon, that enriches the oil companies, that imposes a rate on the rich man's capital gains only half that on the worker's wage, is continued because the House Ways and Means Committee under chairman Wilbur Mills (D, Ark.) does not act. Why should they act? Campaign contributions that helped elect them came from the wealthy who like the tax system the way it is.

It seems a wise rule of thumb for this correspondent in the coming election to vote against any congressional incumbent, of whichever party, who does not affirmatively show cause for doing otherwise. Things are not as brutal as they were when Mark Twain was a newspaper correspondent in this city. It was a century ago in President Johnson's impeachment trial and he called congressmen the only "distinctly native American criminal class." We don't talk that way now; lobbyists and trusts don't operate as crassly as in the Gilded Age. But although the pay-off has been sublimated, it is still there. Why else has the oil depletion allowance lasted so long; why else is $14 billion lost annually on the capital gains loophole which IRS statistics indicate goes almost wholly to the richest one percent of the taxpayers?

As for Mr. Nixon, his zealous supporters tried to politicize the Internal Revenue Service just as John Mitchell did Justice. White House counsel Dean complained in mid-1971 that the then commissioner wouldn't cooperate, wouldn't "crack down" on liberals, wouldn't disclose secret tax information "regarding our political enemies." An "enemies list" was offered for special tax audits. The despised IRS "bureaucrats" fought back (more credit to them) but sometimes yielded. Confidential tax figures of Democratic chairman Larry O'Brien were apparently leaked personally to Mr. Nixon by Dean (Dean's diary: September 15, 1972). A local federal judge in a blistering 31-page ruling here last month said that "the inference of political intervention has been unmistakably raised" in the IRS' failure to grant exemption to a public interest group (Center on Corporate Responsibility).

Did Mr. Nixon know of this? Did he know about tax finagling in the dairy case, in the ITT case? Did he know about his own tax loopholes, or the damaged tapes? Maybe Congress will find out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**THE NEW REPUBLIC** *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 170, No. 3, Issue 3080. January 19, 1974. Published weekly (except the issues of January 12, July 13, August 10 and August 24) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscription, $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1973 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.*

Contents

9 Comment
Moving In on Mr. Nixon, Health Checkup, What of the Missing? Solzhenitsyn
0 Crackdown in California Prisons —*Robert Sommer*
1 The Nixon Watch: Hanging in There —*John Osborne*
3 The Chinese Connection—*Stanley Karnow*
5 Those Missing 18 Minutes—*George O'Toole*
9 A New Arms Race Ahead? —*Herbert Scoville, Jr.*
2 Film—*Stanley Kauffmann*
3 Books—Reviews by *Saul Maloff, Patrick Keane, Gerald Weales, Bruce Cook, John Deedy, Corinne Browne*
6 Poem—*Anthony Ostroff*
1 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*
1 Poem—*Elisabeth Evans*
2 Correspondence

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Executive Editor—Walter Pincus
Literary Editor—Doris Grumbach
Associate Editors—John Osborne, Stanley Karnow, Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Rachel Baker
Contributing Editors:
Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Melville J. Ulmer, Allen S. Whiting, Paul R. Wieck
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
West Coast Editor—Peter Barnes
Production Manager—Mary Henninger
Assistant Production Manager—Ellen Cochran Hicks
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth A. Scanlan
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Cherryl Holt
Advertising and Promotion—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan

# Moving In On Mr. Nixon

Impeachment proceedings now underway will measure not only the President's fitness for his job, but the competence of Congress. The test is critical. Can politicians who have made an art form of evading hard questions (for eight years the House went without a straight vote for or against the Vietnam war) steel themselves to say yea or nay on an impeachment bill of particulars? Three committees are concerning themselves with presidential conduct and the related events of Watergate, and it is too early to judge how they will make out. But as of this moment the performances inspire some hope, a guarded hope, that Congress in this matter will not be petty or parochial.

First the good news. The House Judiciary Committee, a diverse body of 38 members with a high potential for fragmentation, has begun its impeachment study in a commendable manner. It has hired two nationally known, respected lawyers for the top legal jobs. John Doar, chief special counsel for the committee, and Albert Jenner, chief legal adviser to the Republican minority, represent between them the needed bipartisan balance, legal expertness, qualities of character and sophisticated political awareness. Mr. Doar has made a prudent, preliminary decision to use information and material already uncovered by other congressional and executive agency inquiries, rather than having Judiciary set up a vast investigative staff of its own. Some 30 lawyers will analyze the material and classify it according to specific areas of presidential activity, so that with or without additional investigation the facts can stand or fall as support for impeachment. Sensitive to the political and public relations aspect of his task, Doar has consulted with the ranking members of the committee, from both parties, and assured them he would not tolerate staff news leaks. Anyone found giving unauthorized information to the press will be fired. Acting through an unofficial steering committee of 15 senior members, the whole committee has in turn given Doar authority to gather all pertinent information and allowed him and minority counsel Jenner to decide, for the time being, what allegations belong in the category of impeachable offenses and what should be classified as "evidence." One divisive threat has been forestalled: televised public hearings apparently have been ruled out. As one member put it, "We're not going to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have some kind of Watergate hearing . . . there'll be no playing here for the cameras." If present plans work out, the committee, meeting in closed session much like a grand jury, will be presented with facts pulled together by Doar and the staff. If further information is desired, witnesses may be called to testify —again in closed session. In the end the members of Judiciary will decide whether an allegation is to be included in the impeachment bill of particulars, or not.

In general, therefore, the committee's staff direction is laid out. Yet a multitude of detailed questions remain unanswered. One is the means by which the staff will get relevant tapes and other documents from the investigative group that has worked longest and hardest—the Watergate Special Prosecution Force. Doar has talked with Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski about this problem. In Jaworski's mind, lacking either legislative or court direction, there are legal hazards in giving Doar material on presidential conduct that has been developed by the special prosecutor's staff. Jaworski has in mind the normal obligation to respect the secrecy of grand jury minutes. Moreover the House committee is independent of the Justice Department, not part of the executive branch, and therefore by statute may not summon Justice files. In addition prosecutors have entered into agreements with some witnesses concerning the use of their testimony, which poses a problem for those who want access to that testimony as it relates to the President. There are also unresolved doubts about whether the Judiciary Committee now has subpoena power in an impeachment proceeding. Anticipating this question, Chairman Peter Rodino will soon ask the House to pass a special resolution giving him that power. Here again paths may divide. Republican members, while going along with the Doar plan, have wanted to have the subpoena power shared with their ranking member, Rep. Edward Hutchinson. Knowing this, Rodino may settle for having all subpoenas approved by a majority of the committee. The problem of getting needed data from Jaworski could be met by coupling a subpoena power resolution with legislation authorizing such a transfer. A similar proposal, authored by a Republican member of Judiciary, Thomas Railsback, was approved late last year by the committee but never became law.

While the Judiciary Committee is getting off to a sound start, the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation—the second congressional body investigating Mr. Nixon's affairs—is digging into controversial tax returns. The committee had only been asked by the White House to reexamine whether Mr. Nixon's accountants were correct in their handling of deductions for personal papers and capital gains on real estate sales. But the committee staff at the direction of Sen. Russell Long and Rep. Wilbur Mills has expanded the scope of its inquiry. Not only are all participants in the tax deductible gift of $576,000 in personal papers being interviewed, but items as minute as the deduction by the President of so-called business expenses at San Clemente and Key Biscayne are being looked at. Operating without subpoenas, the committee staff intends to do a complete audit of the returns—a task that will be facilitated by the Internal Revenue Service's announcement that it, too, is auditing those returns. Should discrepancies emerge, the staff will report them to the Joint Committee, with the prospect that public hearings would then be called to resolve the differences.

As he enters his sixth year in office, the President finds himself unhappily in the center of a threatening congressional triangle, two sides of which have been described. The third side is the Senate Watergate committee. If the work of the House Judiciary and Joint Tax Committees is a sign that Congress is coming to grips with the seriousness and urgency of the impeachment process, the fumbling of the Ervin committee is not. Unwilling to retire from the stage after its valuable televised hearings last summer, the Ervin committee in the fall stumbled badly in its probe of campaign contributions. Time is now running out—the committee is supposed to report to the Senate February 28—and a promise was made that there probably would be only two additional public sessions (on the $100,000 Hughes contribution to Bebe Rebozo and the milk industry contribution). There was little expectation that the Ervin committee would do much more than write a final report, including recommendations for new legislation.

Last December 19, however, the committee staff showed *it* had something else in mind. Bolstered by legislation giving the US district court authority to rule on presidential subpoenas, the staff persuaded Chairman Sam Ervin to sign a subpoena for a hodgepodge of tapes, documents and other assorted materials which could number in the thousands. It was the day he announced he would not run for reelection; he was sitting in a barber's chair and saw only the cover sheet of the subpoena. Senator Baker never saw it at all before it went out. Where the Ervin committee originally had sought only five White House tapes, each specifically identified, it now wanted almost 500 —many vaguely designated only by time and participants. Whereas the committee earlier had sought to limit its requests to information unmistakably pertinent to the 1972 presidential campaign, it now asked for *all* White House telephone records from January 1971 to December 1973 of all presidential calls to 10 Nixon aides made in Washington, San Clemente or Key Biscayne. Where prior requests had focused on individuals associated with the '72 campaign, they now reached out to the President's brother, F. Donald Nixon, seeking material linking him to some 25 or more named individuals (most of them private cit-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

izens) and an additional 20 named companies.

Since different portions of the wholesale subpoena were drafted by different Ervin committee staff members, the approaches taken were not uniform. Wanted information about the milk industry campaign contribution, for example, was specifically identified; indeed it was taken from a list the White House itself drafted of milk industry-related papers it would *not* produce in a civil court suit. Buried in the bulky subpoena are requests for other documents that—had the committee had the knowledge and foresight to summon them months ago—could have been useful in the televised hearings. At this late date, however, it is not up to the Ervin committee to resolve conflicts in testimony it has or has not heard—that is the task of Special Prosecutor Jaworski. The Ervin committee has no further role in determining presidential complicity in Watergate or any other alleged unlawful activities. That determination is now the prerogative of the House Judiciary Committee, which the Ervin committee partially recognizes since it is sharing the information it has with Doar's staff.

The task of the Ervin committee now is to go out of business gracefully, satisfied it has helped educate the American public and provided important leads to any eventual prosecutions. There is not much useful legislation the committee is likely to produce. A staff document filed this month in a court action suggested that it might propose legislating a one-term presidency, or that "the participation of the President in the campaign to choose his successor be drastically limited, or the committee might propose a radically new campaign financing system that would severely curtail the amount of private monies that could be contributed." The subject is serious, the treatment is not, and it illustrates how far the Ervin staff has wandered off on its own. The committee's senators have never discussed any such proposed legislation. Furthermore full public financing of political campaigns has already been approved by the Senate, and anything short of that could hardly be called "radically new." In sum the Ervin committee after a fine performance is succumbing to the familiar political temptation to say more than needs saying. The December 19th subpoena is a "fishing expedition," as the new Attorney General quickly tagged it, and one that could harm a well ordered impeachment effort.

The center of action is the House and particularly its Judiciary Committee. There a new mood has taken hold. When the chances for impeachment looked slim, the Democratic leadership talked of stretching out the inquiry so as to reap a rich harvest in the congressional elections this fall. Today the leadership sees the prospect of passing an impeachment resolution. And from the silence of the House Republicans, it may be inferred that they too glimpse the handwriting on the wall.

# Health Checkup

President Nixon is fond of efficiency campaigns; he's carried out several in the Departments of Health, Education, and Welfare, Interior and other agencies where some good might be done by relocating offices and desks. No doubt it was this penchant for reorganization that first attracted him to health maintenance organizations. An HMO is a repackaging of health insurance and medical treatment into a single box—otherwise known as group health. For a predetermined fee, members sign on and have all their basic medical needs cared for by a group of salaried physicians. The virtues of HMO, according to its advocates, are that it keeps its members healthier by treating them earlier (because of an emphasis on preventive medicine), and more frequently, brings order to the present scattered health delivery system, and through the above two, saves money. The key to HMOs is that they assemble all types of medical care under one roof and put all expenses into a single budget. Thus HMO participants can see precisely how their money is spent and know that it pays directly for treatment, not for several layers of bureaucracy as in the normal insurance system. Furthermore the simplified method of financing unites doctors and patients in keeping expenses to a minimum—rather the reverse of what happens under most insurance systems.

Despite the stress on money-saving, the medical lobbyists weren't fooled. They have seen HMOs as just another form of group health, and to them group health is the precursor of socialized medicine and government control of doctor fees. Their opposition acted as a drag on the President's enthusiasm for HMOs, as did the zeal for spending that suddenly appeared in Congress, led by Senator Kennedy. When Nixon first proposed federal aid for HMOs in 1971, he had in mind a modest program with immediate expenses of about $50 or $60 million, providing loan guarantees of about $300 million in the first year. The Senate was much more generous. Spurred by Kennedy, in 1972 it offered to spend $5.2 billion on a broad program to reform the entire health delivery system. The House didn't concur, and no bill passed.

It wasn't until 1973 that the project came to fruition. The Senate was persuaded to cut back its federal allocation, and the President announced last September that he would sign any reasonable HMO bill that provided for a "limited demonstration program." We now have one, signed into law by Mr. Nixon on December 29. It provides $375 million in the next five years for the study, evaluation and founding of about 100 HMOs. Phil Caper, the Kennedy aide who helped draft the bill, says he thinks it will produce more than 100, that many group health associations already in existence will be able to sign up immediately, and that the "employee options" in the bill will speed up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

founding of many more. The bill requires anyone who employs 25 or more people to offer his employees the choice of trading in their health insurance (if they have any) for membership in an HMO (if one is nearby).

To qualify for federal aid as an HMO, a group health association will have to give its members all basic health services at a set monthly rate (and this includes up to 20 psychiatric visits, dental and optical care for children). In addition a qualified HMO will be required to offer "supplemental services" on a contractual basis for such things as old-age care, optical and dental care for adults, extended mental treatment, physical therapy and the supply of prescription drugs. The bill provides for inspection of HMOs by the government and orders that at least one-third of each HMO board of directors be composed of consumers.

The decision to finance group health may be a big step for Mr. Nixon, but because the cost of belonging to an HMO is relatively high (depending on how sick you are and the size of your family, the fee may run from $50 to $80 a month), the only people who will sign up are those who can already afford health insurance, or who have been given health insurance at work. Congress tried to direct its benefits toward the neediest areas with a couple of restrictions on spending. It required the Secretary of HEW to set aside 20 percent of the funds for use in rural areas, presumably districts with too few doctors and hospitals and it required him to give aid only to HMOs that promise that 30 percent of their enrollees will come from a medically "underserved" population. Fine interpretation of these directives is left to the Secretary. However, it should be noted that medically "underserved," as intended by this bill, refers not to the desperately poor, but to people who could afford a doctor but can't find one. The government is not undertaking to provide medical care for the needy, but to provide the capital to launch HMOs where a demand (and an ability to pay) already exist. Families not covered by some form of health insurance, or those unable to pay the monthly fees, will not benefit from HMOs. Their situation will not improve until the government adopts a national health insurance system that makes it possible for anyone to get treatment, regardless of income.

The President is expected to unveil his much revised national health program next month, and the early reports say that it will be a great improvement over previous drafts. Unlike the earlier Nixon insurance proposal, the new one will reportedly extend coverage to low-income people without children, the unemployed and people who retire before they are 65. The greatest flaw in the plan, as cited by Senator Kennedy, is that it divides beneficiaries into two categories, the self-sufficient and the needy, which inevitably will create distinctions in the quality of care they receive. Debate on this and other proposals to reform the health financing system will resume in Congress in several weeks.

# What of the Missing?

The peace agreement signed a year ago in Paris brought home 580 American prisoners of war held by North Vietnam and its allies. The agreement further provided that the US and North Vietnam "shall help each other to get information about those military personnel and foreign civilians of the parties missing in action, to determine the location and take care of the graves of the dead so as to facilitate the exhumation and repatriation of the remains, and to take any such other measures as may be required to get information about those still considered missing in action." Unlike the provision that stipulated the POWs be returned within 60 days, *no* explicit period of time was set to account for the missing. Last May Hanoi twice permitted American military delegations to visit grave sites in North Vietnam said to contain the bodies of US servicemen, but no examination of the remains was permitted. Hanoi has since refused to cooperate with US military search teams, and last month the Vietcong ambushed an unarmed team when it arrived at a crash site 15 miles from Saigon. One American officer was killed, four were wounded.

The last time President Nixon mentioned the missing was nine months ago, at an Armed Forces Day speech at the Norfolk naval station. He pledged then that "just as America never broke faith with our prisoners of war, I can assure you today we will not break faith with those who are reported missing in action." Two weeks later his supporters in the Senate used his remarks to argue for continued bombing of Cambodia. This, said Kansas Republican Robert Dole, would give the President the "leverage with which to make certain the North Vietnamese are making a responsible effort to account for the Americans missing in action in Cambodia and Laos." It was a spurious argument (fully 75 percent of the missing are in North or South Vietnam), and Congress rejected it and cut off funds for the bombing of Cambodia.

Uncovering the fate of the missing is an agonizing task after any war, but the Indochina war presents special problems. At the end of World War II some 35,000 US servicemen were listed as missing in action; almost 2000 have not yet been accounted for. The fate of more than 1000 of the 5000 Americans missing after the Korean truce has yet to be determined. The US occupied the defeated Axis countries after World War II and half of Korea, so access to crash sites and graves was not the major obstacle it is now. In Indochina the US controls no territory, hence is totally dependent on the goodwill and cooperation of "the other side." Blaming the lack of progress on North Vietnamese intransigence is a normal political response, but the problem is more complex than that.

Headquarters of the Joint Casualty Resolution Center is at Nakhon Phanom, an air base in Northeast Thailand. That also became the headquarters of the US

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bombing effort last March, and it would be again should American military action be resumed. Arnold R. Isaacs of *The Baltimore Sun* recently reported the presence of 38,500 US servicemen, 50 B-52 bombers and 250 to 300 fighter bombers in Thailand. Why so large a force? Two months ago the air force commander in Thailand, Major General John W. Vogt, said, "The whole idea of retaining those units in Thailand and the control structure and headquarters in Nakhon Phanom is to be ready in case the enemy miscalculates and decides he wants to resume on a massive scale." Given such implied threats, Hanoi balks at permitting US military teams to comb territory under its control. While the purpose of these unarmed teams is humanitarian (locating crash sites and bodies), they could be used covertly to reconnoiter targets for future bombing. As long as the capability to bomb remains and high American officials threaten to use it, the North Vietnamese will be reluctant to believe the search and recovery teams have only a benign aim. Meanwhile Saigon still holds a large number of political prisoners, estimated by two French journalists at 200,000. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has repeatedly queried the White House about the actual number but has received evasive replies.

## Solzhenitsyn

The first thing that must be said about Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is that he is a man of formidable courage; he knows the risks and takes them. By publishing *Gulag Archipelago*, his account of the Stalin terror, he is deliberately challenging Brezhnev, Kosygin, Suslov and the other Soviet rulers, who not only served Stalin and share responsibility for his crimes but are, less brutally than the late dictator, continuing to tyrannize intellectuals and other dissidents. Judging from the widespread reaction to his book, Solzhenitsyn is also dramatizing the truth that moral power still has force. And this truth is worth publicizing when many world leaders lean toward the position that *realpolitik* must outweigh human values in relations between states.

The men who manage the Soviet Union would be shrewd to ignore Solzhenitsyn in the expectation that his protest will eventually fade away. But if their past performances instruct their future conduct, they are as unlikely to treat his heresy with benign neglect as they were to accept the rise of a more moderate government in Czechoslovakia. The prospect is that they will move in some fashion to silence Solzhenitsyn. It is a measure of his stature—and also of the changes that have reshaped the Kremlin—that he cannot be summarily shot as he would surely have been in Stalin's day. Nor can he be peremptorily exiled without his acquiescence, as he showed three years ago when, judging that he would be barred from returning home, he declined to travel to Stockholm to receive his Nobel prize. Alternatively they may try to block publication of his book in the US and elsewhere, and seek an injunction against its further distribution in France, where it initially appeared late last month. They can take these steps under a new law, promulgated in anticipation of Solzhenitsyn's act, which prevents Soviet authors from publishing their works abroad except through the auspices of the All-Union Copyright Agency, a state organ. The law provides for penalties of three to 10 years for violators, and it could be invoked to send Solzhenitsyn to Siberia.

But silencing Solzhenitsyn, if it occurs, will not end dissidence in the Soviet Union. The intellectual opponents of the regime are bound to carry on their resistance, though they do not agree on tactics. The Medvedev brothers argue that the Soviet masses are uninterested in civil rights, and that liberalization must seep down from the top. Consequently they contend that dissidents ought to avoid confrontations with the Kremlin that only play into the hands of the hard-liners. Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov have less faith in the emergence of more tolerant leaders. As they see it, the enormous Soviet bureaucracy is too entrenched and inert to permit the circulation of ideas that threaten its foundations; a transformation in Moscow requires outside pressures. It is for this reason that Sakharov has urged the US and other Western countries to apply economic leverage on the Soviet regime to allow its citizens to emigrate. For the same reason Solzhenitsyn has authorized the publication of *Gulag Archipelago* and his other books abroad and has attacked those Westerners who criticize minor totalitarian states while failing to assail repression in the Soviet Union. It may be that neither of these theories of resistance is sound, and that, as *The Economist* recently suggested, transition in Russia is the result only of upheavals, such as the defeat by Japan in 1905 that produced the first revolution or the war against Germany in 1917 that led to the great revolution. Andrei Amalrik forecasts that the next cataclysm will be a conflict with China; that, he predicts, will bring about vast political and social innovations. What cannot be doubted is that the dis-

**COMING:** Kenneth Goldblatt examines the phenomenal publishing success of *Wilderness USA*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sidents reflect unrest, and in that respect Solzhenitsyn and the others are evidence that behind the facade of stability and uniformity Soviet society is split.

Any strong-arming of Solzhenitsyn by the Soviet leaders will affect relations with the US. In all probability Congress, led by Senator Henry Jackson, will return from recess to pass a resolution supporting Solzhenitsyn; any stick will do to whack the bear. The gesture would hardly matter were it not for the fact that détente is running into stormy weather. The second round of strategic arms limitation talks will falter if the Russians persist in their effort to outstrip the US in the construction of missiles fitted with multiple warheads. Moscow is also working to weaken the North Atlantic Treaty Organization by proposing force reductions that would give the Warsaw Pact armies a margin of superiority, and these negotiations, currently being held in Vienna, do not seem promising at the moment. The Russians seem to be deliberately encouraging discord and rivalry between the US and Western Europe on the one hand and Japan on the other by urging the Arabs to prolong their oil embargo. At the same time, the drive in Congress for tougher trade policies toward the Kremlin has not spent itself and this is certain to limit Henry Kissinger's flexibility in dealing with the Soviet leaders.

Solzhenitsyn is therefore a symbol of the fact that spiritual values are not irrelevant, but may indeed exert very real and practical influence. This fact ought not be overlooked by world leaders as they engage in power arrangements that neglect the lives of people.

# Crackdown in California Prisons

There is no longer any talk in California about closing San Quentin and Folsom as antiquated and inhuman facilities. The prison population has begun to grow again—20,000 a year ago, 22,000 today—and there are plans for still another maximum security facility. Four prisons are under total lock-up and many inmate privileges have been suspended. At Soledad this has meant a general lockdown, reduced visiting hours, frequent skin searches and the elimination of the hobby program. At Folsom the number of prisoners with work assignments has been reduced; men with a history of violence and/or "gang orientation" will not have work assignments; movement of inmates will be curtailed; showers will be provided every other day instead of daily; the chapel that was open seven days a week will be open five; and most evening activities will be eliminated or moved to the daytime.

Raymond Procunier, the man who has been director of prisons in California for the past five years, is particularly bitter over the violence that has plagued him. In 1973 there were 20 deaths and 146 stabbings, and Procunier bears the brunt of public criticism. Yet no prison ever has enough guards to constantly patrol every section, tier and cell block around the clock. On the graveyard shift there may be one guard handling several hundred inmates. Only the threat of outside intervention from the National Guard or Highway Patrol keeps the inmates from taking over completely. This has produced de facto inmate control over the prison interior, but without any legitimate machinery of inmate self-government. Power has been wielded by the prison bosses who knew that their success depended on keeping things cool. Director Procunier, a guard himself 20 years ago, describes what one old prison-wise con would tell a fresh fish, "Hey, man, put that knife away or we're all going to suffer," and the new inmate would listen or else. The inmate society was a complex web of small capitalistic enterprises dealing in drugs, sex, soft jobs, privileges, cigarettes and virtually anything else that could be bartered or sold.

Procunier blames the troubles of the last several years on the emergence of prison gangs that used to be mainly geographical but now are ideological and ethnic. Much of the current violence is attributed to a feud between rival Chicano gangs—the Mexican Mafia that was originally composed of inmates from the East Los Angeles barrios, and the *Neustra Familia* (Our Family) composed largely of inmates from the Central Valley. The other organized gangs are the Aryan Brotherhood composed of white hoods, bikers and violent types with affected Nazi leanings and a black underground organization variously named by authorities as the Black Liberation Army or the Black Guerrilla Family (BGF). Many black inmates have stated publicly that the BGF is a fantasy production of the Department of Corrections intended to discredit black prisoners currently on trial. Any violent act such as the shooting down of a police helicopter, the hijacking of a Yellow Cab, or the murder of the Oakland School Board chief is charged to the BGF. There has been little effort to verify such charges; nevertheless the Corrections Department has embarked upon a campaign to neutralize inmate gangs, primarily by transferring any inmate who shows leadership potential. A "militant" inmate, particularly if he is black or brown, is sent to another institution and placed in isolation. Unfortunately that policy spreads militancy to institutions that had previously been quiet.

Why is the crackdown occurring when the figures on stabbings and murders are improving? Inmate stabbings last year were slightly below those for 1972; inmate deaths are down 40 percent. This is hardly cause for jubilation, but it does raise questions about motives of those who cry "crisis" and demand a tougher line. Recent attempts to close major correc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional facilities such as the medium security institution at Susanville or the maximum security at Folsom produced a great outcry among guards, their families and the merchants in the affected areas. But the alarmists evade the question of whether constant transfer of inmate leaders between prisons won't work against a relatively stable inmate social order. At most a crackdown gives authorities time to decide what to do next.

Whether we like it or not, the movement for prisoner rights is not going to vanish. Following the pattern set by black activists and the students, prisoner militancy will abate only when prisoners have some voice in making decisions that affect them. This demand is not without support outside the walls. Courts are beginning to take a close look at what goes on within prisons. Phrases such as due process, administrative law and cruel and unusual punishment are appearing more frequently in decisions concerning prisoners.

A major step toward reducing violence in prisons would be the holding of the state legally responsible for what happens inside institutions. Today if an inmate is stabbed while in his cell or the exercise yard, his family is unable to sue the state. Not a single one of the hundreds of stabbing victims over the past years has collected a penny in indemnity. And yet the state has total legal control over what goes on inside. This immunity from lawsuits has encouraged callousness on the part of guards toward inmate violence. Indeed, such violence is often regarded as a management tool: "Let the bastards fight it out among themselves, it will save the taxpayers money." George Jackson, Ruchel McGee, Larry Justice and other inmates have charged the Department of Corrections with fomenting ethnic antagonisms in order to undermine inmate unity. Guards appear excessively concerned about fraternization in the yard between black and white inmates. A few lawsuits in which maimed inmates and their families were awarded substantial sums would quickly change the casual attitude of guards toward inmate stabbings.

Thus far, correctional authorities have given no encouragement to attempts to form a prisoners union, although such an organization would be better equipped than guards to maintain internal discipline. Likewise there is general disenchantment about the possibilities of rehabilitation. California's Attorney General Evelle J. Younger claims that state prisons were "never designed to rehabilitate anyone . . . the only purpose they serve is to separate the good guys from the bad." Perhaps it is a hopeful sign that the myth of prison rehabilitation is being laid to rest. But what is to take its place? A more punitive, more restrictive, more secure warehouse?

**Robert Sommer**

MR. SOMMER, *professor of psychology of the University of California (Davis), is the author of a forthcoming book on prison security design,* Tight Spaces.

## The Nixon Watch

# Hanging in There

At the end of Mr. Nixon's fifth year and the beginning of his sixth year in the presidency, the overlooked news at the White House was that some people who work there were talking as if they actually believed that 1973 hadn't been utterly disastrous for him and that he really is going to be able to hang in there, as he keeps saying he is determined to do, and avoid either resignation or impeachment.

Two of the assistants who talk this way are Kenneth Cole, the executive director of the Domestic Council, and one of its five associate directors, James Cavanaugh. Lest what they say be thought in this time of obsessive preoccupation with Watergate to be totally irrational, it should be explained before they are quoted that domestic legislation is high among their concerns and that the administration fared better in Congress in 1973 than is generally realized. One of 54 enacted bills signed by the President during the Christmas-New Year recess provides federal support for private, prepaid medical and hospital service plans that could revolutionize health care in the next few years. A public employment and manpower training law implements the President's belief that much of the control over federally supported social programs should be transferred from the federal government to state and local governments. An 11 percent increase in social security benefits is bigger and takes effect sooner than the administration wished and the law requiring the increase postpones the enforcement of regulations intended to tighten control over some social-service expenditures. In signing these and several other bills, Mr. Nixon accepted provisions that he disliked and might have rejected with vetoes in happier times. But the same legislation embodies some concessions to him and, on the whole, augurs well for the national health insurance, welfare revision and other domestic proposals that Cole, Cavanaugh and many others at the White House and in the departments are working up for the President to advance or at least mention in his pending budget and state-of-the-union messages.

It's this view of the legislative record and prospect that Jim Cavanaugh has in mind when he says that *of course* he's staying on at the White House, saddened but not deterred by the Watergate scandals and effects, and that "we've got a lot of exciting things going on." Kenneth Cole reflected the same view when he said in late December, speaking of himself and his principal associates on the Domestic Council staff: "Most of us are staying. We're enthusiastic about the progress that's been made this year, and we're looking forward to next year. I've been saying for the last three months that it's been a good year, and it really has. I think we've had one of the better legislative years in my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

memory. We didn't get all the specifics that we wanted, but we at least preserved the principles."

A question that I always ask during such conversations is whether the assistant I'm talking to has any doubt whatever that the President is as determined as he says he is to remain in office and serve out his second term. Cole doesn't pretend to be one of the very few assistants who see the President regularly and alone. He was, however, with official and visiting groups that spent some time with Mr. Nixon on all but two of the working days in the fortnight preceding the conversation quoted here, and he was photographed with the President at the California White House on the January day when he said by telephone that he still felt as he did when we talked in Washington on December 20. Apart from the standard expression of belief that Mr. Nixon really does mean to hang in there, Cole's answer to my question added a bit by implication to the ample evidence that the President has been through and up from periods of profound depression and distraction since the full horrors of Watergate began to break upon him in March and April of 1973. Quoting Kenneth Cole: "I think that the President plans to stay here for the long haul and it's my judgment that he will. I think the President's spirits have picked up considerably in the last two months. He is very much his old self. He is interested in what is going on. He has a lot of suggestions and instructions as to how things ought to be approached and how to look into things."

Most of the visible Nixon performance since mid-October, the point from which Kenneth Cole seems to date a pickup in the President's spirits, contradicts the impression of strength and confidence that White House loyalists inevitably try to convey. Mr. Nixon's Christmas decision to travel by commercial aircraft from Washington to California, and his success in hiding that intention from the White House press corps until he was aboard a United Airlines plane, may have dramatized his dedication to the conservation of fuel and impressed the public as effectively as his spokesmen said it did. But it was actually a pathetic display of weakness, a confession that he had fallen so low in public esteem that he didn't dare do what he should have done. That was to travel when and wherever he wanted to travel in Air Force One, the magnificent jet aircraft that is provided for and befits the President of the United States. The only good thing about this episode and the indicated return to Washington in another commercial airliner was the constructive lesson the whole business taught the White House press corps, to the effect that it can get about on its own when it has to, without demeaning dependence on the White House staff for chartered planes and such attendant favors as hotel and hire-car reservations.

While the President was at his California home, he got himself a new Watergate defense lawyer. He first defied and then backed away from his defiance of the Senate Watergate committee's foolish and extravagant demand for hundreds of White House tapes and documents. After many weeks of preparation and several days of shilly-shallying, he had the White House staff release statements which purported to prove that he didn't reward the dairy industry with increased price supports and the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation with favorable antitrust treatment because they contributed large sums to his 1972 reelection campaign.

Mr. Nixon's attorney is James D. St. Clair, a Boston trial lawyer who is famed within the legal profession for his skill at defending difficult causes. The choice is the strongest indication to date that the President foresees that the House Judiciary Committee will submit a resolution of impeachment to the House of Representatives and that he is sure to be involved, though indirectly and marginally, in criminal indictments of former Nixon subordinates and associates that Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski will soon be getting from a federal grand jury. A mistaken impression, derived from a reporter's inquiry, that Jaworski planned to have Mr. Nixon named as an unindicted co-conspirator in one or more of these indictments caused abject panic at the Western White House until assurances that Jaworski had no such intention were obtained. A collateral effect of the St. Clair appointment was to inspire a lot of misplaced and frequently hypocritical sympathy for Leonard Garment, a former Nixon law partner who has been acting counsel to the President since last May. J. Fred Buzhardt, who was replaced by St. Clair at the head of the Watergate defense unit of some 11 lawyers, replaced Garment as White House counsel and Garment became an assistant to the President. Anonymous "senior aides" encouraged press reports that Garment, who by comparison with most of his White House associates is a flaming liberal, had been demoted and rebuked for unsatisfactory work on Watergate problems. What the President thinks of Garment's Watergate work, I don't know. Garment has detested it ever since he had to take some of it on, intermittently and never with full responsibility for it. He'd been wanting out of it for many weeks and the only thing about the change of assignment and title that displeased him was that it didn't completely remove him from Watergate concerns. It's worth noting in passing, incidentally, that Garment the liberal softie has urged the President and is still urging him to stand absolutely firm in defense of presidential privilege and privacy, even though and when it invites a suspicion that he's hiding guilt.

All that I currently have to say about the dairy and ITT disclaimers is that they can't do the President much good. They demonstrate the fallacy of the notion, urged upon the President by many powerful Republicans, that disclosure for the sake of disclosure is or can be a solution for him. On its face the sequence

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of events set forth in the milk-funds paper sustains the President's contention that his knowledge that big contributions were promised and coming from dairy cooperatives had nothing to do with his decision to overrule his Secretary of Agriculture and raise price-support levels in 1971. But it remains true that the contention is believable only to the extent that Richard Nixon is believable. Both the dairy and ITT papers confirm and, in the President's defense, magnify the impression that powerful interests with major stakes in official and presidential decisions had an access to officialdom and to the President himself that beclouded the decisions. Beyond all else that might be said, these papers demonstrate that in such matters as the dairy and ITT controversies, complete disclosure is not possible for this President.

**John Osborne**

## Political Ferment in Peking

# The Chinese Connection

## by Stanley Karnow

A few months ago, on their return to China following a tour of the US, a delegation of Chinese doctors drafted a report that had some words of praise for American medical techniques. The report was strictly scientific, but like everything else in China it aroused political passions. A radical group criticized it, reportedly on the grounds that by implication it denigrated Chinese medicine. The bitter debate reached the sensitive ears of Premier Chou En-lai and finally, to prevent the intramural ideological dispute from escalating, he ordered the document shelved. That episode partly suggests why technological, cultural, journalistic and other exchanges between the US and China, which got off to a speedy start not long after President Nixon's celebrated trip to Peking nearly three years ago, are slowing down. There are factions in China that are still cool to the Sino-American rapprochement, and although they may not pose an imminent threat to Chou, the architect of Peking's new US relationship, they can obstruct present attempts by Chou and his associates to strengthen China's ties to the US, evoking old slogans about carrying on the fight against imperialism. They are bound to have some part as well in the inevitable conflicts over the succession to Communist Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung, who turned 80 last month. In short the durability of the current Sino-American accommodation awaits proof; its survival is going to depend essentially on the domestic Chinese rivalries that Peking publicists call the continuing "struggle between the two lines."

These rivalries have their origin in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which Mao launched in late 1965 to destroy the Communist Party apparatus that had several years earlier curbed his authority. He initiated this ambitious crusade largely because he feared that the entrenched party bureaucracy would scrap his idea of permanent revolution after his death and bring to China a form of Soviet-style "revisionism," with its allegedly capitalistic tendencies. He called the Red Guards and other militant youths into action because he thought the struggle to be a crucible for refining the zeal of his young disciples, a testing of their worthiness to inherit leadership in the next generation. But the Red Guards ran amok, wrecking China's political, administrative and economic structure and leaving a power vacuum that was filled by the army, parts of which propelled Marshal Lin Piao, then defense minister, into the position of Mao's constitutional heir at the Ninth Communist Party Congress convened in April 1969. In retrospect, it seems clear that Lin Piao sought to uphold the principles and a number of the practices of the Cultural Revolution. He protected prominent radicals like Mao's wife Chiang Ching and Chen Po-ta, the Chairman's secretary and ghostwriter, who had along with him emerged as key figures during the Cultural Revolution and were dedicated to its goals. At the same time he worked to strengthen the army as the country's principal political instrument, though he may have had differences with certain regional military commanders. And in addition to advocating collectivist economic policies, he was evidently hostile to détente with the US, preferring that China remain in its self-imposed isolation, or at least that it balance the American connection with a reconciliation with the Soviet Union. All this was anathema to Chou En-lai, and their collision

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ended in Lin Piao's downfall and death, which did not, however, spell the defeat of many of Lin's supporters. Nor did it immediately weaken military rule.

Judging from the esoteric dialogue carried on in the pages of official Chinese publications, Chou encountered serious resistance as he strove to control the volatile radicals, downgrade the predominance of the army and rebuild experienced civilian authority capable of running the country. The press in Shanghai, the radical center of China, attacked him with phrases originally invented during the Cultural Revolution, referring to his plan to boost production through material incentives as an "evil wind of economism." He appeared to be the target of a series of articles denouncing Confucius which, by assailing the ancient philosopher's concept of returning to office "those who have been retired into obscurity," seemed to criticize Chou's efforts to rehabilitate officials who had been purged during the Cultural Revolution. This dialogue was mystifying to outsiders, since both sides used the same language against each other. More recently, as Chou has consolidated his power, the Confucian analogy has been directed against radicals seeking to return to office those militant officials who emerged during the Cultural Revolution but were later pushed out. The internecine squabbles were further blurred by the fact that senior army officers who had cracked down on radical activists in an effort to restore law and order during the hectic days of the Cultural Revolution were now making common cause with them in defense of their regional authority against attempts by Chou to bring them under the sway of a centralized, civilian Communist Party. This seems to have been the case of General Chen Hsi-lien, the military boss of Manchuria and one of China's most powerful commanders. Once the object of Red Guard scorn, General Chen surfaced last summer as the backer of a radical protest against the university examination system. His switch was important enough to prompt Chou to fly to his headquarters at Shenyang in order to negotiate their dispute.

By last August Chou seems to have felt confident enough to hold a new party congress, and in the course of the meeting he succeeded in demoting better known radical leaders like Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan, a Shanghai propagandist whose article against the old apparatus was the opening shot of the Cultural Revolution in 1965. Their decline, however, was offset by the phenomenal rise of Wang Hung-wen, a former Red Guard from Shanghai, whose speech at the Congress appeared in several respects to challenge Chou. Where Chou stressed party discipline, for example, Wang revived one of the themes of the Cultural Revolution, emphasizing that officials must "tolerate differing views from the masses." On foreign affairs Chou somewhat defensively explained his approach to the Nixon administration by underlining the danger of Soviet aggression and pointing out that the relationship with the US was in the category of "necessary compromises." Wang, on the other hand, treated the US and the Soviet Union as equally ominous, warning that China must "guard against surprise attack by imperialism and social imperialism." The congress ranked Wang after Mao and Chou in the party hierarchy, indicating that there was still radical representation in the compromise arrangement. The army lost seats in the new Central Committee created by the congress, but it took Chou until early this month to crack the regional authority of the Chinese military establishment. Then, New Year's Day, Peking revealed the biggest reshuffle of the Chinese army since September 1971, when Lin Piao collapsed and several of his close subordinates were dismissed.

Eight of China's 11 regional commanders were reassigned, and for one principal reason—to remove them from areas in which many had served for 15 or 20 years and where they had occupied high provincial party posts, thus sharply cutting down their political power. For instance Hsu Shih-yu, transferred from Nanking to Canton, took over his region in July 1957; in addition to membership in the Politbureau, he ran both the party branch and the Revolutionary Committee in Kiangsu province. Chen Hsien-lien, another Politbureau member who will now take charge of the vital Peking region, had been in Manchuria since 1959 and managed the Liaoning province party apparatus. His replacement is Li Teh-sheng, a Politbureau member, one of the party's six deputy chairmen, and who has been in charge of the army's General Political Department that runs the military commissar system.

Though the political power of these and the other generals is being curtailed, their military power remains intact. Chen Hsi-lien's shift to Peking, for instance, has aroused speculation that he may become defense minister, a post that has been vacant since Lin Piao's death. Some analysts submit that, by undercutting the political roots of these top soldiers, the Peking leadership is trying to enhance their professional competence, and this is interpreted to mean that Chou is concerned about the possibility of a Soviet attack. But the fact that the reshuffle could be managed as smoothly as it was is testimony to Chou's powers of persuasion—if nothing else.

Chou's successful shunting around of the generals does not signify that he has fully consolidated his control. The National People's Congress, which theoretically approves state decisions, has not yet met, though its convocation was announced three years ago. As a result nearly half of China's ministries, agencies and commissions are headless, and some key jobs like defense and finance minister are unfilled. Radical clout is still visible in Chinese press articles disclosing that the country's universities and schools continue to be the scene of political unrest as teachers and students wrangle over the proper ideological style and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

substance of curricula. The uncertainties within the educational system have a direct bearing on Chinese cultural programs with the US, especially student exchanges over extended periods. Commercial specialists suspect that the prospects for increased trade between the US and China are also limited as long as moderates and radicals in Peking argue over whether to accept long-term American credits to develop their country economically. American oil companies have offered to explore and tap China's offshore petroleum deposits, thought to be considerable in the Gulf of Chihli in particular. It is reported that some of the more moderate Chinese leaders, eyeing the profits and power of the Arab producers, may be tempted by such deals. But here again the radicals are still vocal enough to veto transactions of that kind by crying "imperialist exploitation."

Mao's position amid these political comings and goings is not easy to delineate. My own estimate is that he has by no means abandoned his lifelong hope of seeing China thrust into greatness through his concept of revolution, and in that respect his sympathies lie with the radicals he originally uncorked. But Mao's attitudes have always been underpinned by the belief that conflict is in itself useful to the degree that opposing forces are purified through battle against one another. Thus he seems to consider the present tension salutary even though it encourages instabilities.

These instabilities have delayed rather than jeopardized more dramatic progress in the Sino-American relationship, and in that sense they are not critical. Yet they do point up that the link between the US and China is rather less solid than official administration rhetoric, inspired by concern for President Nixon's domestic prestige, has been proclaiming.

## Enhancing the White House Tapes

# Those Missing 18 Minutes

## by George O'Toole

The headline on the *Washington Post* article read, "Tape Experts Say It May Be Possible To Restore Gaps." It was carried in the November 29 edition under the byline of John Hanrahan, and reported on his interviews with me and another former employee of the Central Intelligence Agency on the subject of restoring the 18-minute gap found on one of the White House tapes. I wouldn't (and didn't) call myself a "tape expert," but I am "a former CIA computer specialist," and it reported with perfect accuracy what I told the *Post* reporter. During the next 48 hours, I received a number of inquiries from various news media asking for additional information on how the missing 18 minutes might be restored, and several invitations from talk show producers to come on their programs and discuss the matter. I declined because, for one thing, there are the Espionage Acts and that famous CIA secrecy agreement; in my opinion, I didn't violate either in my statements to the *Post*, but it's difficult to keep from slipping over the line during repeated, detailed questioning about a matter that is closely related to national intelligence procedures. Secondly I did not want to give the impression that what I said *might* be feasible could *certainly* by done by good sound recording specialists. Finally I didn't want anyone to confuse the statements of a former CIA employee (I've been gone nearly five years) with an official pronouncement by the CIA or any other government agency.

Why then did I say anything in the first place? Because I doubted that anyone else who knew very much about this specialized subject would be likely to speak up. I know technical people. They tend only to answer the question they're asked and never volunteer anything more. Last May the Senate Watergate Committee interrogated James McCord, a former intelligence technician. McCord answered slowly and precisely, choosing his words carefully and never straying beyond the limits of the question he had been asked. After several days of this Senator Baker declared with some frustration that he felt McCord could tell the committee a great deal more than he had, if only its members knew the right questions to ask.

When I heard Senator Baker's comment, I remem-

GEORGE O'TOOLE, *formerly with the CIA, is the author of the current novel,* An Agent on the Other Side.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bered a meeting I attended some years ago at a government installation near Washington. A senior government official was trying to nail down the manager of a certain technical program and get a delivery date for a particular item that was needed. After several not very responsive responses from the technical man, the official said, "Look, I'm just trying to get a ballpark figure. Would I be far from wrong if I told the director this will be ready in six months?" The technocrat replied, "No, you wouldn't," and the official departed. I turned to the manager and expressed some amazement that he had promised delivery in six months on an item we both knew would take a minimum of 18 months to develop. The man looked at me evenly and said, "I didn't say that it would be ready in six months; I agreed that he wouldn't be far from wrong if he told the director that it will be ready in six months. If he tells the director it will be ready in six months, he won't be *far* from wrong, he will be *very close* to wrong. In fact, he will *be* wrong."

There wasn't even the hint of a twinkle in his eyes.

All I know about the White House tapes is what I read in the newspapers: that they are "of poor quality," that portions are "nearly inaudible," and that an important 18 minutes seem to have been erased. I also know that Judge Sirica appointed a panel of sound recording specialists agreed upon by the White House and the special Watergate prosecutor to answer such questions as: Were the tapes edited? Are they originals or copies? Was any one tape produced by two or more different recorders? Was the 18-minute gap the result of an accident? In other words, is the present condition of the tapes due to deliberate attempts to obstruct justice?

These are appropriate questions. But there is a more important question: can the present condition of the tapes be enhanced to the point where the inaudible portions are audible and, perhaps, even the erased 18 minutes restored?

I was gratified to read in the newspapers the day after the *Post* article that one of the court-appointed panel had announced that it might be possible to recover the missing minutes. I was disappointed to learn, when the panel made its preliminary report to Judge Sirica on December 13, that it had concluded that the missing portion probably could not be recovered (although this was "yet to be confirmed"). If the panel finally concludes that the gap is beyond restoration, I would not doubt that they had made their best efforts and failed [As we go to press the report of the technical experts is said to be imminent—*The Editors*]. However I would like to offer the layman a nontechnical explanation of enhancing tape recordings.

To begin with there is a security rule observed by the Department of Defense and other government agencies handling information relating to national security, which says that if a magnetic tape recording has highly classified information, that tape cannot be declassified simply by recording unclassified information over the classified data. Implicitly then, it might be possible to recover the classified information even after it had been "erased" by the process of re-recording.

Security people have developed, to very rigid government specifications, "degaussers,"* which are powerful electromagnets that can obliterate even the faintest latent trace of recorded information from a tape. The use of degaussers on computer tapes is standard security practice in the defense and intelligence communities.

Some years ago a government computer installation that processes highly classified data installed a computer which stored information on magnetic disk devices. The surfaces of these disks are coated with the same kind of material as magnetic recording tape and, except for their geometry which makes them more efficient, these devices are in effect magnetic tapes.

The computer system, including the disks, was rented by the government from the manufacturer, with a view toward later upgrading to a different computer system. The rental on the disk devices was $600 per month per disk device, and there were many disk devices in the system. After a year or two the computer installation manager decided to make his move up to a larger system, and wanted to return these rented disk devices to the manufacturer along with the rest of the old equipment. There was one hitch, however: the security people had degaussers for computer tapes, but because of the different geometry of the disk devices, there was nothing available to erase all the classified information on the disks to their satisfaction. The manager had no choice but to buy the disk devices that the government had rented for so many months, and store them away in a vault. A staggering amount of money was involved, and I am sure that this particular security rule was given very careful review before the decision was made that the disk devices could not be turned back to the manufacturer.

So much for the *possibility* of restoring erased information. Let's take a look at the *how* of doing it. In principle it is a very simple matter. The tape is nothing more than a strip of plastic coated on one side with a finely powdered metal that can easily be magnetized and demagnetized. The vibrations in the air, i.e., the sound, are transformed into electrical vibrations by a microphone, and leave a magnetic trail in the powdered metal coating on the strip of tape as it moves past an electromagnet. When the tape is again moved past the electromagnet, the magnetic trail—the signal—repro-

*A reference to the basic unit of magnetic field strength, the Gauss, named after Johann Karl Friedrich Gauss, a German mathematician and physicist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duces those electrical vibrations, and they in turn are amplified and transformed back into sound by a loudspeaker.

The situation becomes a little more complicated when we want to reuse the tape—to replace the magnetic trail that's already there with a new one. If we simply repeated the process, we then would have two trails on the tape, and when we played it, we would hear both the new and the original sound. Therefore a tape recorder must first pass the tape over another electromagnet to remove the original signal before it puts a new magnetic trail on the tape. This electromagnet is called an *erase head*, and the other electromagnet—the one that actually puts the sound signal on the tape, and also picks up the sound signal again when the tape is played back—is called the *record/playback head.*

For reasons that are too technical to go into here, the erase head does its job by recording a very high frequency signal on the tape—something on the order of 80,000 cycles per second, which if the tape recorder could transform into sound (and it can't), only bats and dolphins could hear. Once the tape is past the erase head, this new signal has rendered the old signal inaudible, i.e., so weak that were it moved past the record/playback head, it would not produce an electric current that could be amplified into sound again *by conventional tape equipment.*

If the designer of the tape recorder wanted to ensure that the old signal was *totally* erased, he could do so by making the erase signal so powerful that it removed even the faintest latent trace of the old signal. Designers don't do this because the design requirement of an audio tape recorder's erase head is merely that it render the original signal inaudible. Designing an audio recorder with an erase head that removed every trace of the original signal would be "overdesigning." It would make the recorder more expensive to manufacture, but no more valuable to the consumer. The average consumer, that is.

If all this talk of latent magnetic signals and erase heads has put off the nontechnically inclined, let me offer an analogy. Imagine the kind of long blackboard that spans the front wall of a large classroom. Imagine also that someone has written one long sentence from the leftmost end of the blackboard, extending all the way to the rightmost end. Call this sentence the original signal. Now let's suppose that I wish to replace this sentence with another one. To save time, I have an assistant with a chalk eraser walking a few feet ahead of me, erasing the original signal from the blackboard. Then I follow along and write the new signal. Functionally, this is how a tape recorder erases one sound from a tape and records another sound in its place. But the chalk eraser does not always completely remove the writing from the blackboard. Often we can read the "latent signal" afterwards, and sometimes we can make it out *even after someone has written over it.* (As a matter of fact, a photographer could probably recover such a latent signal from a blackboard by using infrared film, or even ordinary black and white film printed on high contrast paper.) The chances of recovery would depend on: 1) How hard the person who wrote the original sentence was pressing on the chalk (strength of original signal), 2) How hard my assistant was pressing on the chalk eraser (strength of erase signal), and 3) The relationship of the size and shape of my handwriting to the size and shape of the handwriting of the original sentence.

This third factor needs some explanation. Visualize this classroom situation and imagine that the original writing was in a small hand, with the words and letters close together, and further imagine that my own handwriting—which is covering the erased trace of the first sentence—is large, with large spaces between words and letters. Obviously the portions of the latent signal lying in those large spaces have not been further obliterated by the new handwriting.

Now to draw the 18-minute gap in the White House tape into an analogy, we have the original handwriting (the conversation between President Nixon and Mr. Haldeman regarding Watergate matters), the assistant with the chalk eraser (the erase head on Rose Mary Woods' Uher 5000 tape recorder), and the new handwriting (the strange hum or buzz that was recorded over the original conversation). Apart from the strength of the Uher erase signal (which, as previously noted, is probably insufficient to completely obliterate the latent traces of all previously recorded signals), the factors affecting the chance of recovering the missing 18 minutes are not yet known, i.e., how strong the original signal was (some reports say that President Nixon and Mr. Haldeman can be plainly heard just before the hum begins), and the shape of the mysterious hum. We cannot, therefore, say how likely it may be that the presidential conversation can be recovered, but we can engage in some informed speculation.

The strength of the original signal would depend on how close Haldeman and the President were standing to the microphones during the 18 minutes. They may have walked around the room during that interval, but we would expect the strength of the signal at the beginning of the gap to be about the same as it is in the unerased portion immediately preceding it, and vice versa for the last minute or two of the missing 18.

The shape of the new signal—the mysterious buzz or hum—is more difficult to guess at, but the use of those words, rather than "screech" or "whistle" to describe it, is encouraging. A hum sometimes gets into equipment by one route or another, and the source is often the 60 cycles of the alternating current that powers the equipment. If the mysterious hum is a 60-cycle a.c. hum, then there is no problem. It is below the normal range of human voices, which goes from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

85 cycles up to 1100 cycles per second. In other words the new handwriting left a lot of blank spaces for the latent image of the old handwriting to show through. Better yet, the mathematically simple shape of the 60-cycle a.c. signal makes it possible simply to strip it from the tape by means of electronic filtering techniques.

In any event there is some solid reason to hope that the latent magnetic record of the President's chat with Mr. Haldeman may yet be on the tape or, to use my classroom analogy, the handwriting may still be on the wall. But assuming the latent signal is found, how can it be transformed into audible sound?

If you take a fresh reel of tape from its carton, put it on your recorder and play it, you will hear nothing—except a hiss. The technical term for the hiss is "noise." To an engineer any electronic communication medium (including tape) contains just two things: signal and noise. Signal is what you want to hear and noise is what you don't. Nonetheless the noise is always there, random electrical impulses that carry no information. Tape recorders (and other electronic communication instruments) work because it is possible to make the signal very much stronger than the noise, so when you listen to a recording you don't usually hear the noise because the signal—the music or speech—is so much louder.

The function of the erase head, as described earlier, is to drive this signal down to the point where it is almost no stronger than the noise. If a latent trace of the presidential conversation remains, some means will be necessary to "pull" the signal back up out of the noise.

The problem will, in fact, be very similar to that encountered by NASA in receiving video signals from deep space probes such as the Mariner series. Many of us have seen the television pictures of the surface of the planet Mars sent back by the Mariner spacecraft. A few of us have also seen some of these same pictures in the form they were first received, before they had been subjected to a computer process known as "image enhancement." The unprocessed pictures were extremely faint, as though they had been taken through a thick fog. Only vague outlines of Mars' surface features could be distinguished, and some of the pictures appeared at first glance to be completely blank. After image enhancement, craters, chasms, mountain ranges and a variety of other details were visible in nearly perfect clarity.

The television signal from Mariner, after crossing millions of miles of interplanetary space, was faint. It was not very much stronger than the noise that accompanied it as it was picked up by those giant antennas in the Southwestern desert. In order to transform it into a useful picture, some means—image enhancement—had to be used to "pull" the signal back up out of the noise. And those means were dramatically effective.

How the trick was done is a little difficult to explain, but I shall attempt to do so through another analogy: the color vision test. The test consists of some 20-odd black cards. Each card bears a circle, within which there are many dots of different colors. The subject is shown the cards and is asked if he can see the outline of a number. The numeral is formed by a series of dots which seem to stand out from the background and can be connected up by the eye. These dots are "signal," and the other surrounding dots are "noise."

Someone who is slightly color-blind will fail to make out a few of these numbers because the retinas of his eyes fail to distinguish among slightly different hues of the same color. He is not able to separate the "signal" from the "noise." However if someone else with perfect color vision marked each of the dots forming the number with an "x," the color-blind person would soon be able to see the pattern for himself. The signal would have been enhanced and separated from the noise. This analogy takes some liberties with the color vision test in order to convey only a partial understanding of the signal enhancement process, but it serves to illustrate the basic principle involved.

Now, an audio signal and a video signal are alike in that both are electronic signals carrying information. But they are different in that the video signal is much more complicated than the audio signal (the inside of your television set is so much more complicated than the inside of your radio). It would follow, then, that the problem of enhancing a faint audio signal must be a great deal simpler than that of enhancing a faint video signal.

Where does all this leave us? In the matter of recovering those lost 18 minutes we come up with a big "maybe." There is, at least, some substantial reason to hope the missing conversation can be restored, although it is an iffy proposition. Regarding the rest of the tapes, which are "of poor quality," or "nearly inaudible," I think there is every reason to expect that the technical resources of our government are adequate to the task of enhancing them to the point where they are of good quality and completely audible.

When the Secret Service "bugged" the White House, it did so with the full knowledge and cooperation of the occupant, an unusual circumstance for an audio surveillance operation. And yet the results were "of poor quality," and "nearly inaudible." Yet this must be an old, familiar problem to the intelligence community. And since they continue to use audio surveillance so much, one might conclude that they have come up with some pretty good solutions to it. I am an expert in neither sound recording nor signal enhancement, and if someone dumped the White House tapes in my lap and said, "All right, enhance them!" I couldn't do it. Not by myself. But I know the people I would ask for assistance.

They work for the government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Schlesinger's "Sufficiency"

# A New Arms Race Ahead?

## by Herbert Scoville, Jr.

"Sufficiency" has, since the first days of this administration, been the Nixon trademark for our strategic weapons policy. But as former Undersecretary of Defense Packard used to say: it's "a word than can mean all things to all people." "Sufficiency" used to mean having the weapons that are needed to deter a Soviet first strike, or the threat of one, or needed to remove any incentive for a preemptive strike in a crisis. The criterion for sufficiency also included preventing the USSR from acquiring military power that could bring considerably greater destruction on the United States than the US could inflict on the Soviet Union in the event of nuclear war. The damage-capacity comparison was normally made in terms of fatalities. But in his press conference of November 30, Secretary of Defense Schlesinger formulated a new definition: sufficiency means having the forces necessary "for maintaining a posture in which no unilateral advantage in terms of strikes against military targets, without necessarily striking cities on either side, would be obtained by any potential foe." In plain English, he wants us to keep even with the USSR in the ability to destroy military targets, that is the minimum.

Schlesinger's objective is closely related to President Nixon's repeated desire to have, in the event of a limited Soviet nuclear attack, some alternative to retaliation against Russian cities, since the President knows that the Russians could destroy ours in turn. When Mr. Nixon stated this objective in his fourth annual review of foreign policy last May, he said that the greater military flexibility he seeks "does not" necessitate any drastic change in our nuclear programs, and for the good reason that the US now has the weapons that would permit the President to exercise such an option. Secretary Schlesinger, on the other hand, seems to be suggesting that his new strategic goal requires additional nuclear weapons.

We are awash today in a flood of scare stories about the growing Soviet nuclear threat. The Russians are pictured as advancing speedily, while the US remains mired in post-SALT complacency. It is true that Russian development of offensive strategic weapons has not come to a halt. It cannot be said, however, that the Soviets have violated the SALT I interim arms agreement. What they are doing is beginning to test four new types of land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles as possible replacements for their light SS-11s and 13s and heavy SS-9s. They also have in the works a longer range version of a submarine ballistic missile which, when deployed, will remove the necessity for Soviet ships to operate in Atlantic or Pacific waters near US shores where they might become vulnerable. The latter can hardly be viewed as a threat, since its basic purpose is to ensure the invulnerability of the Soviet nuclear deterrent, a purpose to which the US subscribed when it signed the ABM Treaty in 1972.

In addition—and this is the most serious new development—the Russians are testing MIRVs for three types of their ICBMs, two light and one heavy class, some four years after former Secretary of Defense Laird predicted that Soviet MIRVs were practically around the corner. (MIRVs are multiple warheads which can be fired by a single missile and aimed at independent targets.) MIRVs on the two light types of Russian ICBMs are no immediate threat to our Minuteman missile force, because their yields and present accuracies are inadequate. MIRVs on heavy Soviet missiles are another matter: they can eventually threaten the land-based portion of our deterrent force, because each such missile as tested can carry six warheads with a one-megaton yield, a yield sufficiently powerful to relax the requirement for very high accuracy. Fortunately the heavy missile on which the Russians have tested MIRVs so far will only fit into 25 extra-large silos. Until the 288 large Soviet SS-9 silos can also be modified to launch MIRVed missiles, or until MIRVs are developed and deployed in the SS-9, our Minuteman force will not be in jeopardy.

There is another somewhat reassuring fact. Though Soviet MIRV tests have finally started, Schlesinger has said that deployment will not begin until late 1975 or 1976, and that it will be 1981 to 1983 before the retrofitting of old Soviet missiles by new ones could be accomplished across the board. Despite the fearmongers, therefore, the danger even to the Minuteman portion of our deterrent is far in the future. Furthermore the US will have more than 5000 warheads or submarine missiles, and these are invulnerable to Soviet counterforce attacks. It will be many years before the Russian capacity to destroy military targets will equal that which the US has today. Schlesinger's

---

HERBERT SCOVILLE, JR. *has been assistant director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goal of parity in nuclear capability against military targets is satisfied without any new weapons.

A final development that has caused some stir, though it is less important and not new, has been the Russian use of the so-called "pop-up" launching technique for some of its new land-based missiles. Here the missile is ejected from its silo by a propulsion mechanism external to the missile, instead of relying on the missile's own contained fuel. We have used this technique for years on our Polaris and Poseidon missiles, in order to avoid the need to ignite the missile propellant while it is still in the submarine. The technique permits the Russians to boost the payload of their missiles by making more efficient use of the volume of the ICBM silos, whose dimensions are frozen by the SALT I interim agreement. This was well known at the time that agreement was signed, and the US then made a unilateral declaration that "it would consider any ICBM having a volume significantly greater than that of the largest light ICBM now operational on either side [the Soviet SS-11] to be a heavy ICBM." Even by using "pop-up," therefore, the Russians will not, without major improvement in accuracy, have a MIRV system on its light ICBMs that offers a high probability of being able to knock out Minuteman silos.

In the aftermath of SALT I the Soviets have not been alone in developing new weapons. The US has continued to convert Polaris submarines to carry the much larger MIRVed Poseidon missiles and to replace Minuteman II ICBMs with Minuteman III missiles, which not only have a somewhat larger total payload but also carry three MIRVs. The US has been adding between three and four warheads to our strategic stockpile each day. At the same time, the administration has called for an acceleration of the Trident submarine program as a premature replacement for the Poseidon-Polaris system. It has also requested funds for a new mobile ICBM and a new strategic cruise missile. Neither party to the SALT I agreements has seen fit to exercise any restraint in its offensive strategic weapons programs, despite the agreements' much touted security benefits.

*"Howdy, Mirv. It's nice to know somebody else is wasting money."*

Secretary Schlesinger's press conference statements are the opening salvo in a new round of requests for still more weapons, and it is for that reason that his interpretation of "sufficiency" is of concern. Essentially he is saying that if the Russians intend by 1981-83 to have the capacity to attack military targets, then the US must match that anticipated build-up. At the moment we do have the means for knocking out Soviet military targets, and that capacity was greatly enhanced by the ABM treaty which banned large missile defenses. We do not, however, have enough warheads with the yield-accuracy characteristics to destroy the entire Russian ICBM force. Do we need that power?

Former Secretary of Defense Laird and President Nixon, under pressure from Congress, had pledged not to seek weapons that could be used to wipe out the Soviet land-based missile force, or weapons that could be construed as capable of that. Programs to develop more accurate guidance systems for our MIRVs were ostensibly halted, although some may have been continued under other guises. But now, when questioned about whether he would recommend improving the accuracy of our MIRVs, thereby changing present policies, Schlesinger is somewhat equivocal. Why need he be? The acquiring by the US of a "hard target" MIRV would certainly be destabilizing, for the simple reason that it could be construed by the other side as a potential first strike force. I need not add that any Soviet effort in this direction has always been viewed with alarm by the US.

What would we gain by matching the Russians in a hard target capability contest? Our land-based ICBMs, large or small, will be just as vulnerable when they have higher accuracy and yields as they are today. In fact, in time of crisis they would become a more tempting target. If the Russians know that we are able to destroy their land-based ICBMs, they will be all the more prone to launch theirs first. A mutual hard-target capability with vulnerable forces on both sides leads to dangerous instability and could significantly increase the risk of a nuclear holocaust. This is what led both sides to go to hardened ICBM sites in the first place.

To achieve greater effectiveness in attacking military targets, Schlesinger specifically mentions a number of new weapons for which we may expect to see funds in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the FY '75 military budget. Among these is a larger payload ICBM which would probably be launched with "pop-up" techniques, since our Minuteman silo size is constrained by the interim agreement. Deploying such a new large ICBM could cost billions, and it would still be vulnerable to Soviet attack. It would have value only if we were to initiate nuclear war. It provides no added flexibility if the Russians were to strike first, since it would certainly be the primary target of the very Soviet ICBMs we so worry about.

Secretary Schlesinger also proposes developing mobile ICBMs, for which six million dollars was in the FY '74 budget. Such missiles, which the US had unilaterally stated would be inconsistent with the objectives of the interim agreement, would be a major step backward from SALT I. They would undercut the limitation on numbers of land-based ICBMs and would greatly hamper our ability to verify any ICBM ceiling, since the precise number of mobile missiles might be very difficult to determine by national surveillance.

In brief Schlesinger is opening the door to a wide variety of new weapons, some of which will require vast expenditures, tens of billions of dollars. But it is not so much their cost that is dismaying; it is the fact that they serve no sensible military need, only the political need of being able to claim we are equal to or superior to the Russians in every respect.

A far more satisfactory way of dealing with an eventual Russian build-up in the 1980s would be to negotiate an arms control agreement putting barriers—such as controls on MIRVs that threaten fixed land-based ICBMs—in the way of unlimited additions or replacements to the nuclear arsenals of both countries. Working out a balanced, verifiable arms control agreement is admittedly difficult, but it is conceivable that some limitation could be agreed to which would prevent the Russians from testing and deploying MIRVs on missiles that could fit in their 288 large SS-9 ICBM silos.

One of the obstacles in the way of productive negotiations has been the overwhelming US lead in MIRV technology. We began testing MIRVs for the Minuteman III ICBM and the Poseidon SLBM more than five years ago, and deployment of these systems was begun in 1970. The longer the US program continued, the more inconceivable it seemed that the Russians would agree to MIRV controls which left the US with deployed MIRV systems while the USSR had none. Schlesinger perceived this when, in announcing the first Soviet tests, he said that the Russians obviously were unwilling to forswear a technology that the Americans had mastered. Such inferiority was undoubtedly as politically unacceptable to Russian leaders as it would have been to America's leaders. We rushed ahead with MIRVs when they had no security justification, ostensibly to strengthen our negotiating position at SALT I; today we have difficulty in finding some concession to dissuade the Russians from procuring similar weapons, though we have an overriding security interest in doing so. The bankruptcy of the US "bargaining chip" philosophy could not be more graphically illustrated.

Perhaps now that the Russians have demonstrated a mastery of MIRV technology, they may be more amenable to serious negotiations on these weapons—if the US in turn is willing to be realistic. Apparently the Russians put out some feelers on MIRV controls in November 1972 during the first resumed session of SALT II. The fact that they delayed carrying out their first MIRV test until the summer of 1973, although the technological means must have been available to them, is some evidence that this program may not have had a high military priority. The costs of replacing existing Soviet missiles with MIRVed ones would be very large, a consideration that might dispose the Russians to agree to limit the numbers and types of MIRVs deployed.

The Nixon-Brezhnev summit meeting of last June gives added reason for hope that some accord need not be ruled out. Both men agreed to seek a permanent treaty on qualitative and quantitative limitations on offensive strategic weapons in 1974. In explaining the background of this communiqué Kissinger specifically referred to MIRVs. Since Soviet MIRV testing was then imminent, the leaders must have had some hope of success, even in the aftermath of the first Russian tests. In a press conference in September 1973 President Nixon said that preparations are going forward for the next summit on limiting nuclear arms, including MIRVs.

Senator Jackson has come up with an idea that would result in reductions in the total numbers of strategic delivery vehicles, both missiles and long-range bombers, by about one-third and that would seek approximate parity at least in throw weight on both sides. If this could be negotiated, it would be fine, particularly if it could be combined with some type of qualitative control of MIRVs. Considering the fact that the present stockpiles of nuclear delivery vehicles of the US and the USSR are quite dissimilar, the specifics of balanced reductions will be hard to work out. But if parity is viewed broadly and we are willing to balance the US lead in bombers with a Soviet lead in large ICBMs some mutually advantageous agreement might be reached.

## To the Readers

As of this issue, Walter Pincus becomes executive editor of *The New Republic*. Prior to joining our staff in September 1972 as associate editor, he had been a writer and editor for *The Washington Post* and the *Washington Star*, and a consultant to NBC News. In 1962-63 and 1969-70 he directed investigations of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## Wooden Nichols and Others

*The Day of the Dolphin* (Avco Embassy). The worst aspect of Mike Nichols' new film is not that it's an utter failure but that it's a manifest of cynicism. I don't mean the professed cynicism that one can find in Lubitsch and Wilder and Hitchcock, which is often their subject matter; I mean cynicism toward the act of filmmaking itself, the air of uncaring, exploitative facileness. This deterioration is possible only to a man of proven talent—I haven't seen anything like it since John Huston turned the corner about a decade ago—so its effect is disgusting.

I didn't read the original novel by Robert Merle, and shan't, but apparently it's based on zoological fact. Dolphins, which are mammals, are fantastically sensory and intelligent and can be taught to speak, in limited monosyllables. (But were the lines for Nichols' dolphins spoken or dubbed?) The footage devoted to the dolphins could be lovely, if extracted from this film that degrades them.

Dolphins can be, may have been, trained by naval people for scouting and planting mines, etc. This much may be in the book, as well as the dumb-ass plot in Buck Henry's screenplay; but the smart-ass wisecracks that occur from time to time are surely Henry's, so that the whole thing sounds as if a cabaret sketch-writer had been brought in to liven up a Saturday afternoon kids' spy serial. George C. Scott's performance is sententiously moronic and vice versa. (He's the dolphin-loving hero.) Georges Delerue, the French composer who has written lovely scores for Truffaut and de Broca and others, here applies his two chief modes—flute-over-strings and mock-Vivaldi—without a shred of aptness.

As for Nichols, whatever one may have thought of his previous four-film cinematic career, whether or not one thought (as I did) that it began well and improved and then wobbled, it showed throughout one constant: a jeweler's precision with his actors. Even that is absent here. The whole thing seems to have been shoved through the cameras as glibly as possible, so that everyone concerned could grab the money and run. I called the picture a failure, but that implies attempt. I felt a real effort only in the first four or five minutes.

The plot? Some Bad Guys steal Scott's dolphins and try to get them to fix a mine to the hull of the yacht of the President of the US. But the Bad Guys are hoist with their own dolphin-borne petard. (I hope I've given away the twist.)

*Serpico* (Paramount). There's nothing much wrong with this film except that it's unmemorable, not even terribly interesting while it's going on. And that *is* wrong, really, because it deals with something highly important. Frank Serpico was the New York City detective who, with Sergeant David Durk, testified to police corruption a few years ago and was subsequently shot in the head. He recovered and retired. The assumption, as filmed, is that his fellow officers allowed him to be shot (by criminals) during a drug raid.

Not long ago a comedy called *Cops and Robbers* dealt, fictitiously, with two NY cops who pull off a tremendous heist, and it all seemed uncomfortably possible, factually and morally. *Serpico* is a factual film (though everyone's name has been changed but his) about one honest cop on a police force that is either corrupt or tolerant of corruption. It's a major subject, and it ought not to come off damp and limp. Some of the people actually involved have complained of the film's inaccuracy; what bothered me was its lack of impact.

Partly this is because the whole subject of cops is being beaten to death in films and on TV. Here comes a truthful, important aspect of the matter—essentially, is honesty possible in a capitalist society's police?—and it seems only a moderately clever switch in plotting. Additionally, the script by Waldo Salt and Norman Wexler (from the book that Peter Maas wrote with Serpico) is full of familiar strophes and unfamiliar gaps. The police routines and the girl-and-pad routines are humdrum; on the other hand we never know why Serpico is unusual, why he is anomalously honest. He seems as arbitrarily good as a prince in Grimm. Sidney Lumet directed, with less of his trickery but with no communicated verve. And two of the big supporting roles were given to two exceptionally unbelievable, even unpleasant actors—John Randolph and Tony Roberts.

But the picture is a box-office smash. This year's mini-*Godfather*. Obviously most people are not as tired of cop stuff as are some people. And a lot of the success is due to Al Pacino's hit in the title role—as clean-shaven cop, swinging lover and bearded multi-disguised plainclothesman (hippie, rabbi, bum, etc.). Pacino, like Lumet, has at least rid himself of trickery. He thrived for a while on patently fabricated tensions that burst out occasionally; now he plays relatively straight, if monotonously. He relies on a mirror-image concept: heroes are usually taken to be impressive, strong, commanding, so he plays it slouchy, shuffling and off-hand. Thirty or 40 years ago Cagney, no less plebeian, would have transformed such a role into a kinetic distillation of fact. Pacino plays the vernacular fact, graceless. This, like most cultural successes, tells us something about our times—like those currently fashionable high-platform shoes, for men and women, that destroy grace and make every wearer clumsy.

Incidental intelligence: shortly after this film smashed in, the NY Police Department held its first qualifying exam since 1970, and 51,655 young men and women took the test for a possible 6000 vacancies.

One should never criticize most actors for taking what work they can get; they should be criticized for the way they do things, not for what they do. But stars and big featured players have multiple choices and less immediate

*(continued on page 33)*

### Films Worth Seeing

*American Graffiti.* Cinematic insight transforms banal material—small-town adolescents in the '60s—into a pleasant memorial.

*I. F. Stone's Weekly.* A sharp, humorous, inspiriting documentary about a sharp, humorous, inspiriting political journalist.

*A King in New York.* Chaplin's last appearance (1957), never shown here before. Faulty but essential.

*The Long Goodbye.* Raymond Chandler à la mod. Pretty fast in its funnily fumbling way.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Maverick in American Letters

## The Last Carousel
## by Nelson Algren
(Putnam; $8.95)

No writer has been more relentlessly faithful to his scene and cast of characters than Nelson Algren. His scene is the "wild side," the "neon wilderness," the seamier sprawls of Chicago and its spiritual extensions across this broad land—America as Chicago. And his characters are the drifters and grifters, clowns and carnies, pimps and pushers, hustlers and hookers, gamblers and touts, junkies and lushes, marks and victims, conmen and shills, freaks and grotesques—the born losers who constitute a half-world, an anti-society to the society that never appears, not even as a sensed or felt presence, in Algren's work. Over the four decades of his life as a writer, scene and characters have never changed. Atmosphere, obsessions, talk, ways of putting in the time—all are fixed, held in suspension, dreamed and long after hazily recalled, caught not as they once were but as they are remembered, just as they are about to dissolve and become ballads. The mythical time, whatever the calendar reads, is always the '30s, somewhere around the longest year of 1935.

Except when it's time for settling old scores. Since *The Last Carousel* is for the most part an ingathering of magazine pieces, many of them from the pages of *Playboy*, anything goes. So Algren allows himself yet another unpleasant portrait of Simone de Beauvoir and some small diversions in the form of vendettas—against Alfred Kazin in particular and critics in general; the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop in particular and, in general, workshops and other forms of corrupting the young and suspectible. As these and some other self-indulgent pieces do evident violence to the prevailing unity of tone and subject, the internal pressure to include them must have been tremendous. They succeed largely in getting off some cheap shots, though some of the objects so richly deserve savaging, one can't wholly begrudge the author these incidental pleasures, any more than one can deny him the pleasures of some fine childhood reminiscence, or of recording racetrack, baseball and boxing lore, in which Algren, in his best moments, is incomparably if lachrymosely good.

But the book takes its echoing tone from Algren's chronic weakness for "fine" writing, the kind of overblown elegaic lyricism—tremulous, quivering, cadenced, or wistful, celebratory, nostalgic, poignant—that used to be called prose-poetry. It was widely practiced by sensitive young writers in conscious quest of an American demotic voice, some suitable song for the open road—the endless, receding plains, prairies, rivers of the imagined West. Of that chorus, Algren's voice was the most prominent and is the longest lasting, the others have long since faded. Decidedly a literary manner, it came on aggressively anti-literary: tough-tender and bittersweet, sentimental and swaggering, robust, keen-eyed, sprung from the soil, epic, open to the full spectrum of American experience, defiantly outside the mainstream of literary modernism and contemptuous of it, a strong dose of salts for the university wits and nancies—in short a species of literary populism and native romanticism, a nervously American preoccupation of the '30s.

The trouble with "style," with any strongly marked literary manner, is that it can become its own object of contemplation. Algren has always been a gifted yarn-spinner, a teller of tall tales and manner as to be finally strangled by them. Helplessly our sorely strained attention shifts from story and character. Typically the story outgrows its limits, expands, without warrant, toward legend. Characters degenerate into "colorful characters"; and our attention, having been thus wrenched from its ostensible objects, centers on the evocative voice of the poet singing of summer with full-throated ease. Not a page is free of it.

Even in self-mockery it is enamored of itself. Take a random example. In "Come In If You Love Money," a piece set in Butte—which is, and always has been, more legend than city—and populated with appropriately colorful characters (bawdy, colorful madame and her girls, beery pokerplayers and such central-casting types) we get

> a place where winds blow all day beneath the earth; where narrow rails cut through volcanic rock, bearing drivers, begoggled and gaunt, whose only light is borne by a battery attached to a helmet of steel. Five thousand feet beneath the Butte Country Club, blood-colored streams stagnate between automatic ramps. A spatter of copper sulphate, in the ominous overhand, winks in the gloom like a handful of mischievous stars.

A colorful background and underground for colorful characters; and soon after a full bursting into rollicking ballad:

> As I walked out on the night-streets of Montana, as I walked out in old Butte one foul night, I saw more dread-the-dawn dingbats looking for a doorway . . . more quivering, quaking, transfixed and trembling, catatonic, stoned and zonkified drunks looking for a park bench than I'd ever seen on Chicago's North Clark Street. I saw more pensionless and emphysemized voyeurs kibitzing the lightless corners than I'd ever seen on West Division Street.

In passages of recitative, strewn among the arias, the throttled narrative somehow advances, haltingly. The game of poker is played out; the chips are gathered in. But if song not story is the point of all this, how else to end it save with a cadenza:

> Deadpan Jack murdered me and Deadpan Jack will murder you./ And Butte, Montana, is a town where everyone finds his own Deadpan Jack./ Since the times when the gold came easy. And flesh was still not dear. When fists were the thing that mattered most./ Yet money mattered more.

The collection includes actual quasi-balladic verse: "Epitaph: *The Man with the Golden Arm*," "Ode to an Absconding Bookie," "Tricks Out of Times Long Gone"; but always the prose aspires to that state, so that, disconcertingly, the movement from time to time comes to a full stop to allow space for the insertion of verses before movement toward status can be resumed. Or, as in "Moon of the Arfy Darfy," a racetrack

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece (a literary subject solely owned by Algren), the prose ends, or runs out, and is transmuted or consummated in a verse or doggeral equivalent:

> When toteboard lights go blind with dusk/ And other losers have gone home/ Above the grandstand's damps and glooms/ A moon of the backstretch on the wane/ Sees a rider whose silks are long outworn.

Riding into the neon sunset, dissolving into the gloaming of legend.

Algren is a maverick of American letters: a solitary, impervious writer in possession of a true though narrow talent whose feeling runs richest only when it is touched by

> all those whose lives were lived by someone else/ Come once again with palms outstretched to claim/ What never rightly was their own;

by the

> tarts out of times long gone, [by] Boothbroad, bluemoon cruiser, coneroo/ Drifters of no trade whose voices, unremembered/ Complain continually among the cables overhead. . . .

Now tarts, with all due respect, may have hearts of gold, and no doubt they —together with drifters of *no* trade— have stories to tell; but their stories are few in number, drab in texture, small in scope—and, in the nature of things, somewhat similar in tone and substance. Algren, our only poet of the lumpen proletariat, is the rambling minstrel of times that never were and are now long gone. He alone has remembered their voices and restored their lives. In order to make them memorable, the stuff of lore, figures in the American landscape, he provides the amplification, with reedy winds, often one lonesome oboe, off-key, and augmented strings, some of them snapped.

**Saul Maloff**

**COMING**

Kenneth Evett
writes on
Jackson Pollock
and Cezanne

# Luminous Glimpse

## Yeats
## by Brenda S. Webster

(Stanford University Press; $8.95)

W. B. Yeats: by critical consensus the strongest poet writing in English in this century; the subject of some 100 books. To quote Yeats himself, "What is there left to say?" Answer: Much. And now that plans for the definitive biography of Yeats are on again, we can hope for a fleshing out of some suggestive speculations in Brenda Webster's book, the most luminous glimpse yet into the rich darkness of the Yeatsian psyche. *Yeats: A Psychoanalytic Study* is essentially a lucid distillation of research in selected texts and their earlier draft versions—a description intended to suggest the book's strengths and limitations.

The author devotes 100 of her 237 pages to the plays, most of the remainder to the narrative poems and the prose. This material is significant, Webster's synopses and acute commentaries valuable. Most readers rightly consider Yeats first and foremost a lyric poet; and yet, with one notable exception (a brilliant dissection without murder of "The Cap and Bells"), discussion of the poems is deferred to the book's final 40 pages, where she focuses on "Supernatural Songs" and, in the culminating chapter, "A Dialogue of Self and Soul," "Sailing to Byzantium" and "Byzantium." While no one wants yet another superficial sashay through *Collected Poems*, this apportionment of space creates a problem. For however valuable and numerous the insights throughout the book, many readers will take this last chapter, with its psychoanalytic interpretation of these garlanded warhorses of the Yeatsian canon, as the ultimate test and justification of the whole critical approach, the pudding that must yield the proof.

Without placing this lopsided burden on the final chapter, it still seems justifiable to focus both on Webster's handling of these celebrated poems, and to use the occasion both to quibble and to comment on the study of a poet's working drafts.

For Webster, the peroration of Self in "Dialogue" signifies Yeats' "triumph over the threats he so movingly depicts," among which are "the repellent aspects of female anatomy" expressed in Yeats' phrases, "the frog-spawn of a blind man's ditch" and "that most fecund ditch of all." We're reminded of her earlier analysis of the scene in *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889) in which a captive girl appears atop a wet, slimy winding stair symbolizing the female genitals and womb. That girl was "detached from the loathsome nether regions," Webster notes, adding appropriately: "At this point Yeats was unable to face a fact he later accepted, that 'Love has pitched his mansion in/The place of excrement.'" But if Yeats accepted this fact in 1931 (when the lines she quotes were written), why must he—in 1927, the year he wrote "Dialogue"—"triumph" over the "threat" of the female in her "repellent" genital aspect? Are we to be, like Mark Twain, amazed at how much the old man learned in four years? Or to have doubts, instead, about the extent of Yeats' repulsion? Besides, *in the poem*, the fecund ditch specifically refers to "the folly that man does/ Or must suffer" as a result of unrequited love, the painful but fertile source of Yeats' art. Therefore isn't this poem, like "The Circus Animals' Desertion" with its "foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart," more an acceptance and affirmation of those impure sources than a dichotomizing "triumph" over them?

In her examination of the "unconscious feelings" beneath the polished surfaces of the Byzantium poems, Brenda Webster makes intelligent use of Yeats' preliminary drafts, demonstrating, for example, how the *ms* show "masochistic imagery gradually giving way to the more affirmative imagery of the finished poems." The distinction between drafts and final versions remains crucial however, for the salient feature of Yeats' revisions is precisely this movement away from the raw emotion upon which the poems are based. Webster, closer to Freud than to Jung, stresses the personal, predominantly sexual, significance of the poet's iconography, finding his own emphasis on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archetypal meaning largely defensive. True; Yeats distances and objectifies personal emotion in an art characterized by protective symbols, but those symbols do—in the *finished artifact*—enlist their own allegiances. The psychoanalytic approach, in short, may deprive itself of one fork of the twin-forked golden bough Yeats extended to future critics when he declared he wrote poems "in which an always personal emotion was woven into a general pattern of myth and symbol."

As a result this volume is not completely free of reductive interpretations. It's hard, for instance, to accept the dome of "Byzantium" as a disdainful mother in disguise, however amply documented is Yeats' reaction to his mother's emotional coldness. As for the same poem's "marble floor that breaks 'bitter furies of complexity' "—this is "a brutal yet creative instrument actively wielded by the poet." With this image we are told, "Yeats masters what is essentially a rape fantasy." It is not a question of the image inadvertently conjured up ("never trust a man who throws a floor on you"); or of silliness (in fact, the underlying transformation from passivity to active mastery is, as Webster has demonstrated better than anyone else, the key to Yeats' development). No, the question is whether such analysis assists or interferes with our reading of the poem. In this case it's hard to be sure.

I feel somewhat surer that Brenda Webster has gotten her sexual signals crossed when she tells us that the "fountain image" in Yeats, an important recurrent emblem, is to be associated with "the good, nurturing mother." On the contrary, the fierce joy of life symbolized by the fountain—the "abounding glittering jet" of one poem—is typically associated by Yeats with the unmaternal likes of Homer, Shakespeare, Blake, Nietzsche. Even if we grant Webster the dome, cannot we *hoi palloi*, citing "Kubla Khan" for precedent, stand up for the fountain as a giant whooziwhatsis for mankind?

Since we remain fascinated by origins, by the resinous human heart that feeds "whatever flames upon the night," the justification of this psychoanalytic study is not in any one chapter, but in its overall illumination, and in the statement of Goethe: "Works of nature and art one does not get to know as they are finished; one has, to some extent, to catch them in their genesis to comprehend them." In this perceptive study of the mind and manuscripts of Yeats,


Life, Liberty, and the Perpetuation of Slavery...

Racism is as deeply rooted in American history as the Declaration of Independence: this is the thesis of Winthrop D. Jordan's provocative new book. Derived from his award-winning study, **White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro 1550-1812**, it provides an historical perspective essential to an understanding of this crucial aspect of the American character.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Historical Origins of Racism in the United States

by Winthrop D. Jordan

256 pages. Cloth. $8.95. Paper (a Galaxy Book). $1.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016

*"Genuinely qualifies for that overused superlative, 'a major literary event.'"*

—Publishers Weekly

Staying on Alone: Letters of Alice B. Toklas

Edited by **Edward Burns**, Introduction by **Gilbert A. Harrison**

A marvelous miscellany of letters—to and about the famous in the worlds of art, literature, music, and ideas. With recipes, travel notes, and reflections on Parisian life with Gertrude Stein and in the years alone. *Publishers Weekly* also writes: "This is a woman of unique strength, taste, humor and will. She writes well, too."

Photographs by Cecil Beaton, Man Ray, and others. $11.95

Liveright 386 Park Avenue South • New York 10016


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brenda Webster has caught enough of the poet's artifacts "in their genesis" to put us all in her debt.

**Patrick Keane**

# Period Comedy

## Lunatics and Lovers by Ted Sennett

(Arlington House; $11.95)

Given the publisher of *Lunatics and Lovers* and its wealth of photographs, the volume must have been intended from the beginning as a Nostalgia Book Club selection. Yet this "Tribute to the Giddy and Glittering Era of the Screen's 'Screwball' and Romantic Comedies," as its subtitle calls it, is not a standard film nostalgia book. Books of that sort, usually put together far from screening rooms and moviolas, are little more than gatherings of credits, photographs and quotes from reviews (on a good day at the New York Public Library's Theater Collection at Lincoln Center, a handful of nostalgia book builders can be found in hot pursuit of material).

Ted Sennett is more ambitious. For one thing he has gone (or gone back: I don't know how old he is) to many of the films he discusses and he at least attempts to point to particular moments that illustrate the points he wants to make. He is clearly more film buff than film scholar, as the tone of the book indicates ("It is time now to roll the cameras"), but he is not completely addlepated like the people who suffer from virulent buffdom. He recognizes that a great many of the film comedies of the 1930s and early 1940s are imperfect and is quite willing to point to the blemishes on his beloved. So this book is a "tribute" that attempts to be critical. More than that it tries to define types within the genre and to relate the genre itself to the period in which it flourished. Since even the most serious among us are likely to approach the 1930s comedies with the critical equivalent of an affectionate sigh (Do you remember Franklin Pangborn in . . . Do you remember when Hugh Herbert . . . Do you remember the time Carole Lombard . . .), a really successful treatment of these films and their milieu would be extremely welcome. All the more reason to regret that *Lunatics and Lovers* is so godawful, although occasionally in a rather likable way.

Some of Sennett's sins are *buffooneries*, to use his kind of pun ("Capra-corn" is the best example). He recounts plots with a relentlessness that I have not seen for 40 years, since my older brother used to come home from the Saturday matinee and trail my patient mother around the kitchen giving her a detailed recapitulation of what we had just seen downtown. When Sennett has no room for plot, he goes to catalogues, doing a movie in a few sentences, depending on the resonance of certain names to characterize a film. Since I am the kind of person who sits in front of the television set and mutters, "There's Frank Orth . . . look, Chester Clute," to the murderous distaste of my uninitiated friends who just want to watch the movie, I know what Sennett means if he mentions Etienne Girardot or Edward Brophy (both of whom he loves), but I doubt the critical value of such references to anyone not on the lunatic fringe of the nostalgia crowd.

Sennett's idea of a critical comment is to say that a film "moves into high gear" (it can go "downhill" of course) or that dialogue "brims along at a lively pace." Claudette Colbert has an "insouciant way" with a line in *Skylark*, but she gives "a fine edge" to one in *The Gilded Lily*. Faced with platoons of writers on a movie, he worries that too many cooks may spoil the broth, although occasionally *(v. I Love You Again)* they stir "up a savory broth." There is a certain charm to the suggestion that "the first Cinderella comedy to appear in 1939 . . . came closest to matching the original tale of the hapless duck who becomes a beautiful swan," but other confusions are less innocent. A writer who comments on the comfort that the 1935 comedies brought to "the secretary down to her last pair of nylons," when DuPont did not put nylon on the market until 1938, builds little confidence in his grasp of a slippery decade. As for his attempt to categorize the comedies, it is doomed to failure from the beginning because most of them cross lines. He treats *The Philadelphia Story* in the chapter on poor little rich girls, but it would be just as much at home in "Wife, Husband, Friend, Secretary" (the divorce-remarriage movies) or "Bats in Their Belfry" (the odd-family films) or "Stage to Screen" (a rather pointless catchall chapter).

Implicit in these categorizations, however, is Sennett's recognition that certain stories recur. As he indicates the success of a particular film (*It Happened One Night* for instance) usually leads to a rash of copies, but this production pattern is interesting only as a comment on Hollywood's faith in the already proven. More important in understanding the decade and the genre is the persistence of plots—the Cinderella story, the poor little rich girl, the worm that turns, the triumph of wise innocence over knowing greed—but these, as the literary sources of most of these films indicate, are the stuff of popular fiction and drama and hardly the property of Hollywood comedies or of one decade. There is material here for a study of these comedies within the general stream of popular art and once their relationship to the *Collier's* story

## *Wine*

The people are wading in wine.
They are swimming, inhaling its fumes.
Smaller blood vessels break
with its gasses, eyes turn red,
capillaries in cheeks
and noses swim to the skin
and float, brain cells gasp and
die. They drift through tubes
in a gush of blood and wine.
Slowly the people do
not mind. They reel from their wine
to cars and houses. To graves.
To places. They kiss. They taste
lips of wine. They pour
wine on their skins. They lick.
They lap. They mate. Soon,
red in its dark as wine,
the foetus grows, is born,
turns white, yellow, brown,
black. It grows and vomits.
It thickens and grows. It takes
wine. Thick, it plays
at foetus again. It plays.
It multiplies. Oh, gay
in the mind of wine, as one
the people wade to the vat
to find their thought. Fine
as the endless hairs begot
upon the bloody moon's huge ought
it floats and smiles on the flat
surface of wide black wine.

ANTHONY OSTROFF

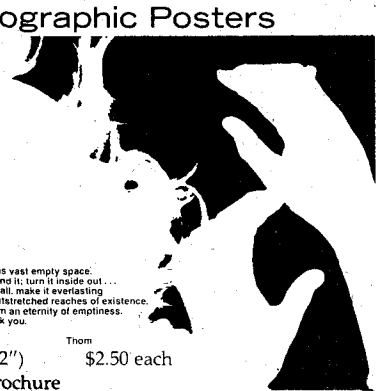
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the best seller or the Broadway farce is clear, one can begin to try to find what is special about them as movies and as products of a particular period.

Oddly, since he is so plot-obsessed in his presentation, Sennett makes no attempt to place the films in a larger generic context. He does generalize in a more limited way, assuming that the films were escape in a difficult period and noticing that they often attacked the rich while basking in richness. These, however, are commonplaces. He is unable to go much beyond this kind of remark because—at least on the evidence of this book—he is not very comfortable with the 1930s or with the harsher side of film comedy. He begins by dismissing much of the comedy of the early '30s because it has "a sour taste, an edge of hostility and scorn," which means that he must turn his back on a major strain of American comedy—and he names names—on the Marx Brothers, W. C. Fields, Mae West. Even when he gets to his gentler "screwball" comedies, he shies away from the ugly, the tough, even the untidy. In discussing the "bright repartee" of *There's Always a Woman,* he nervously notes "the edge of harshness and nastiness prevalent in comedies of the period," and he finds the fun of *The Mad Miss Manton* "marred only by another of the uncomfortably cruel scenes prevalent in thirties comedy." If cruelty, nastiness and harshness were all that "prevalent" then, it is necessary to recognize that they were part of the comedy of the period and not pushily extraneous. I suspect that a close look at the comedies, sweet and bitter, will show a final accommodation to the status quo, but among the gags, the pratfalls, the eccentricities, a nice, barely stifled revolutionary impulse is bubbling along. Ted Sennett has not, sadly enough, reported it.

**Gerald Weales**

Lithographic Posters


get into this vast empty space.
twist it; bend it; turn it inside out . . .
but above all, make it everlasting
into the outstretched reaches of existence.
save it from an eternity of emptiness.
it will thank you.
Thom

(17"x 22") $2.50 each
Free brochure
thom hickam lithographs
809 n. wayne st. #3b arlington va. 22201

# Literary Composer

## Pure Contraption: A Composer's Essays by Ned Rorem

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.95)

A girl I knew in college wrote poems and also practiced half her life in hopes of achieving a career as a concert pianist. But she was convinced that she would have to choose between them. "Name one person," she said to me, "who ever combined a literary career with music."

Well, I couldn't then, but I could now. The name I would give without a moment's hesitation is Ned Rorem's. Oh, you say, but he is a critic, and musicians have been writing musical criticism for years—Hector Berlioz, Richard Wagner, Virgil Thomson. Is this what we mean by a literary career? Probably not. Here in *Pure Contraption,* Ned Rorem ironically notes a discrepancy: "Critics of words use words. Critics of music use words." But merely using words never qualified anyone for a literary career. It is necessary to use them well—and that Rorem does as certainly as any writer in America today.

Even as a composer there is a distinct literary quality to his work. Although he has written pieces for every context and to every form and length—from sonatas for solo piano to symphonies for full orchestra—it is generally acknowledged that his best are his songs. Most of these are settings for poems by poets as different as Theodore Roethke, Paul Goodman, Walt Whitman, John Ashbery and William Butler Yeats. The right sort of text, something colloquial and direct but resonant and meaningful, seems to inspire him to do his best work.

But if he is as gifted in a literary way as I suggest, wouldn't he be a more complete artist if he set his own texts to music? What stands between him and the writing of some vast *Gesamtkunstwerk* in the manner of Wagner? Well, sensibility aside—Ned Rorem is the *least* Wagnerian composer I can think of—he sees the relationship of text to music as something quite different:

> People sometimes ask why I don't set myself to music. I set words to music I feel can take a change. As a composer of songs I don't seek to improve words so much as to re-emphasize them—to alter their dimension. Music can't heighten the meaning of words, only change their meaning (unless to heighten be a form of change). Occasionally the words benefit from the change; but although they might not inherently *need* this change, I must feel that they need it.
>
> Now, to write words with the intention of setting them would be to write words I intended by definition to change. Only a bad text could emerge from so inhibiting a task. . . .

In other words (and I hope I am not twisting his meaning here to make a point) he sees the setting of music to an established text as an act of criticism. The music written serves as a commentary—the *composer's* commentary—on the poetry.

I'm not suggesting that Rorem is essentially a critic—certainly not essentially a music critic. A reader is in for disappointment if he digs into *Pure Contraption,* led on by its promising subtitle, *A Composer's Essays,* expecting to find technical analysis of the composers and works he takes up here—Debussy, Aaron Copland, Jesus Christ Superstar, Virgil Thomson's opera *Lord Byron.* There is more erudition piled on in the average morning-after review of a concert in a daily newspaper than you will find in these pieces by Ned Rorem. Although he wrote many of them for publications—*Vogue,* for one—where any such show of expertise would have been out of place and unwelcome, he has no need to swank his knowledge of music in the way so many critics do. He knows who he is and what he does, and this leaves him free to write about his subjects directly and without affectation in a style that flatters and never intimidates the reader, a style which implies a community not of knowledge, but of intelligence, between writer and reader.

It's a generous sort of working assumption, and it seems to underlie all his writing, whether about music, life, art in general, or other things in particular—two of the best essays in this collection are memoirs of writers, Paul Goodman and Julien Green. I suspect he may have formed this fundamental attitude during those years he spent in Paris and described so well in his *Paris Diaries.* He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LET THE NEW REPUBLIC BLAZE THE TRAIL—

## use our Teacher's Guide (free with our low cost classroom subscription program)

Last year we added something new to our classroom subscription program . . . a weekly teacher's guide. It is an invaluable aid in the classroom.

**"This is simply a note to say how helpful your teacher's guide materials have been this past year . . . I have been teaching 'civics' for four years and have a most difficult time getting through the utter boredom most people have put up as a barrier to the subject. Your stories have fed me for years . . . Keep up the good work."**

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we recommend *The New Republic* for use in your classroom. Special classroom rates for bulk orders of 10 or more copies are as follows: *Each student's copy costs only 17 cents weekly if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. Free desk copies are included for each instructor.*

Orders may be placed for any number of weeks, for one week only, or for the entire school year. You will receive your copies before they appear on the newsstand—insurance that the contents are fresh and exciting.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
*An Independent Journal of Opinion*
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Please enter this CLASSROOM ORDER.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Number of copies weekly .....

Number of free copies needed for Instructor .....

Starting date .....

Termination date .....

Signature .....

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

TNR 1/19


was a member of a community there, one in which vocations and interests overlapped. Writers, composers, painters all talked to one another. Perhaps they still do there; they don't much here.

It was being there, too, that must have made a writer of him, for he has become one in the French fashion, one who is not primarily a novelist, a poet, or a critic, but a writer *in general* who may try his hand at any of the above or all of them but whose subject is always himself. The form that comes to him most naturally is the paragraph. Ned Rorem must write the most beautiful paragraphs of anyone around today, but he has to push hard for anything longer. Quite often here and in his two earlier collections, *Critical Affairs* and *Music and People*, essays begin in more or less orderly, consecutive fashion but soon dissipate into isolated paragraphs, journal entries, on the subject at hand. He is never more at home than in the French mode of seasonal notes, journals, diaries—under different circumstances he gives them different names—in which he tosses off ideas and observations with no particular thought to developing them later.

What all this adds up to is that Ned Rorem is a writer who is worth reading simply on his own account. He cannot be dull. He writes most often about music, but his subject is Ned Rorem, its limits only those he himself sets. Given the variety of his mind, we can expect many more books as good as this from him. I hope so, anyway.

**Bruce Cook**

---

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

SAUL MALOFF, *critic and novelist, has just published* Heartland *(Scribners) and is finishing a new novel.* PATRICK KEANE *teaches English at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, NY.* GERALD WEALES *is on leave from the department of English, University of Pennsylvania, to write a book. He is the author of* Clifford Odets. BRUCE COOK *is a staff writer for* The National Observer *who writes on film and music.* JOHN DEEDY *is managing editor of* Commonweal. CORINNE BROWNE *is a free-lance writer who lives in Washington, DC, and is author of the recent* Body Shop *(Stein and Day).* ANTHONY OSTROFF *teaches at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Oregon, where he shares a chair of poetry with William Stafford. His new book of poems is* A Fall in Mexico. ELISABETH EVANS *is a poet who has worked for a number of Catholic publishing enterprises and lives near Washington, DC.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Older Socialist

## Fragments of the Century by Michael Harrington

(Saturday Review Press/Dutton; $7.95)

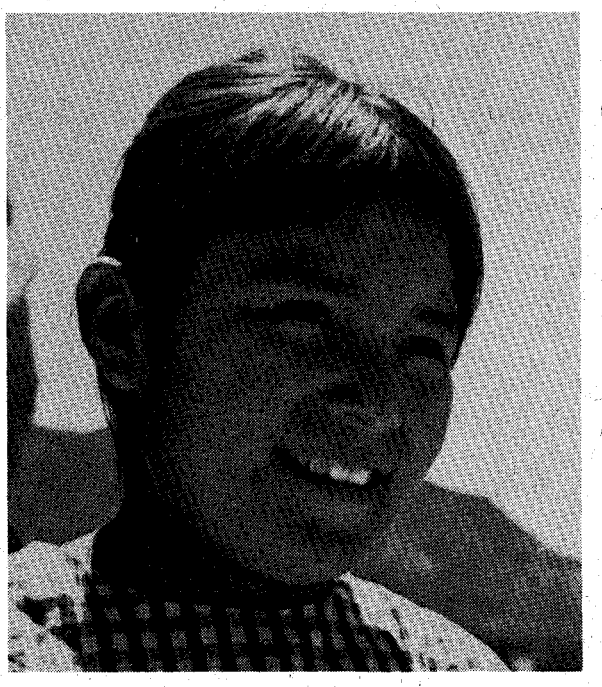
It is presumptuous to wax autobiographical at 45, even if one's ruminating is not intended as autobiography, certainly not as confession in the manner of Rousseau or Augustine. Yet if anyone at 45 is going to use biography to put into perspective the social, political and spiritual turmoils of half-a-lifetime in mid-20th century America, I can think of no one more worth hearing from than Michael Harrington, former co-chairman of the American Socialist Party and now guiding force behind the nascent Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee.

Middle-aging has erased Harrington's image as "America's oldest young socialist." It's doubtful that Harrington is still enshrined, as Tom Hayden once said he was, among the three persons over 30 the youth generation can trust. Nevertheless, ideological detractors notwithstanding, Harrington's name will be more significant in the years ahead than those of the left now charging him with splitting the US democratic Socialist movement, and of the Novakians to his right who regard his intellectual and political commitments as insignificant.

Harrington's credentials are beyond dispute: his leadership, however brief, of the party once led by Eugene V. Debs and Norman Thomas; his books, notably *The Other America* and *Socialism;* his commitments to the common good. On the other hand Harrington can also do with the personalizing that *Fragments of the Century* provides; his mountain of ideas was obscuring the man himself. It is, of course, not essential that theory and ideas be personalized, but as Madison Avenue keeps telling us, a little personalization does no harm; it may even make content easier to handle. *Fragments* is an introduction to the man who helped inspire the war on poverty and who represents socialism in the US if anyone does.

Personalization is not, however, Harrington's purpose. He writes "to be intimate and nostalgic about an epoch, not about myself." In this context Harrington's remembrance of things past is


# An American Indian Child Needs You as A Sponsor and A Friend



She's poor, cold and futureless without your friendship. You have it within your power to lift an Indian child like this young girl from the despair of appalling poverty to a brighter life of hope and joy and personal pride.

Her name is Judy Grey Eyes, and she arrived at a government boarding school in Arizona last fall with no more than the threadbare clothes on her back. No winter coat. No money. Not even a toothbrush. Her parents, like thousands of other Indian parents today, just don't have the means to fill these simple basic needs.

But Futures for Children sponsors do. That's why now, as a sponsored child, Judy is warmly clothed, healthy, and happily looking forward to a bright, secure future for the first time in her life.

By becoming a Futures for Children sponsor you can work wonders for one needy Indian child like Judy:

. . . You'll help keep "your" child in school by directly financing shoes, clothing and other necessities;

. . . You'll open a new world beyond the reservation by exchanging personal letters and the warmth of your friendship with your child;

. . . You'll help provide the priceless glow of self esteem—along with the confidence of knowing that someone "out there" really cares about his or her future;

. . . And, you'll support self-help community development programs for the adult Indians.

Decide now to sponsor a young Indian boy or girl. It will be a rewarding experience for your entire family.

Please return the coupon below.

☐ Yes, I (we) want to sponsor an American Indian Child . . .
☐ a boy ☐ a girl ☐ either

Enclosed is a check for $ _____ ($15 monthly; $45 quarterly; $90 semi-annually; $180 annually)

☐ Here's help, not as a Sponsor, but with a check for $ _____

☐ Please send more information

Name

Address

City-State-Zip NR1

5612 Parkston Road
Washington, D.C. 20016
FUTURES FOR CHILDREN


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relevant and comprehensive. If anyone mirrors the history of the past quarter-century (his focus is largely on the years since his graduation from Holy Cross in 1947), it is he. His dossier touches the old left and the anti-libertarian repressions of the '50s; establishment liberalism; the New Left; the counterculture (of Bohemia as distinct from Woodstock); civil rights; the war (or skirmish?) on poverty; the peace movement born of Vietnam; and always the Socialist vision of a new democratic civilization.

Harrington's chronicle is full of insights and brightened with cameos of the period's large figures: Dwight Macdonald, sitting in on a theological discussion at the Catholic Worker farm at Tivoli and being reminded of a Trotskyite debate of the '30s (except the points of reference were Augustine and Aquinas instead of Marx and Engels); Dorothy Day, pouring over Dostoevsky and mistaking the triumph of her life in the church for a failure; Dylan Thomas, slobberingly drunk at the White Horse in Greenwich Village, surrounded by syncophants and young girls anxious to go to bed with immortality; James Baldwin, recalling in Paris a beating at the "Horse" from Irish toughs set on saving the republic from "Commies and faggots," an incident that gave Baldwin the "terrible confirmation" that he would never be safe in white America.

Harrington's conclusions about his epoch, if not unique, are solid. *About Vietnam:* by dissipating the mood that had moved the conscience of white America on civil rights and on poverty, the war there cost the United States two of the greatest opportunities in recent history. *About the New Left:* the lapses into nihilism and terror notwithstanding, the New Left is no mere collegiate episode, but a historic turning point in American life signaling a new mass intelligentsia won to important leftist ideas. *About the counterculture:* rather than being a continuation of the Bohemian tradition, it is its epitaph by lacking, among other things, that solemn sense of anti-values that was the center of Bohemian irreverence. (Bohemia was done, Harrington decrees, "once businessmen started hanging non-objective art in the boardroom.")

*Fragments* reviews Mike Harrington's 1972 fight with the national committee of the Socialist Party over the party's position on George McGovern, the fight that triggered his resignation as party co-chairman. His conviction was that the party was providing *de facto* support to Nixon. He was disturbed by the split in the Socialist cadre over the subordination of antiwar convictions to the imperatives of domestic coalition politics, and the threatened reduction of Marxism to a kind of pragmatism without ideals. Harrington details his misgivings and in doing so probably will heat emotions all over again.

In the scrimmage with the New Left, the low point of Harrington's life of involvement, he sided with the elders of the League for Industrial Democracy against the nonconformist SDS youth, became the spokesman for the parent society and for harsh measures against SDS. He writes of the episode with lingering pain and no self-justification; it was, he confesses, the period of his "most spectacular stupidities."

More revelatory are two intensely personal chapters dealing with his nervous breakdown (social vertigo, the diagnosis was) and his abandonment of Roman Catholicism for atheism. The breakdown is the easier to understand. Success in America can be unsettling for the person whose social conscience is only modestly sensitized. After almost four years of analysis Harrington has the pressures and the contradictions under control. The larger puzzle is Harrington's shedding of faith; after 20 atheist years there is much of the believer about him; often he sounds like a papal social encyclical. But he is quite clear about his unbelief, clearer than many of his co-religionists today appear to be about their belief. His is contemptuous of Catholics who, though they have abandoned the substance of faith, retain its trappings, particularly when these help to legitimate a personal political opinion. This he calls "a shamefaced, hypocritical Catholic atheism," adding that it is "perhaps the only form of genuine blasphemy open to modern man."

There is about Harrington's "pious apostasy" a Graham Greene quality. "I had decided that it was not only monstrous but a violation of the principle of causality for God to decree the infinite punishment of hell for any finite human act, no matter how terrible it might be," Harrington writes. "Once I came to that position . . . the rationalist faith the Jesuits had jerry-built for me came tumbling around my ears." I do not suggest that Harrington is living the theological delusion of a Greene character, but only point up one of the paradoxes of Harrington's life. One doesn't argue paradoxes, any more than one argues with another's conscience. One is grateful that the good fight is being fought by an individual with keen sensitivities. I am grateful for Harrington; the future may well be his vision: the collectivist society. If any persons are going to make the collectivist humane, democratic and libertarian, it is the Michael Harringtons of the world. Confirmation of this is in *Fragments of the Century.*

**John Deedy**

# Out of Life

## The Autobiography of Billy McCune introduction by Danny Lyon

(Straight Arrow Books; $5.95)

This autobiography has been a long and painful time in coming. It was bred in Texas and the Navy and born in rape—maybe. It grew in two years on Death Row, haunted by the press watching for whatever grotesque "news" it might provide and by the steady march of men toward the chair. No one knows exactly why McCune was not electrocuted but surely someone in the spider-web system that caught him must have thought carefully about him after he amputated his penis with a double-edged razor blade in his cell. He was granted life.

Since that time (1952) his days have been marked by his will to remain sane and to learn something, not by any steps toward rehabilitation. He has been given a series of shock treatments, fed thorazine and misclassified as a psychotic. His requests for education—he is a fifth grade dropout—and books have been ignored. Before he can be considered for parole he has to increase his incentive points, but he is forbidden most point-earning activities. In 13 years he has never been interviewed for parole.

In 1968 under the auspices of a friendly warden he developed a relationship with photographer Danny Lyon. It is impossible to overestimate what Lyon's interest must have meant to him. Letters and drawings, some of which were exhibited at the Institute for the Arts at Rice University, then the manuscripts that make up this book, leaked from the jail. Now his art room privileges have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been removed and he is no longer allowed colored pencils. He has his writing—"words are my only product"—and it is a hard-won craft that he does in an inimitable manner and with piercing honesty.

**Corinne Browne**

# Fine Print

## Doris Grumbach

This month the American publishing world celebrates the founding 50 years ago of the distinguished publishing house, **Simon and Schuster.** In this month in 1924 Richard Leo Simon and Max Lincoln Schuster formed a two-man firm in a three-room suite on 57th Street in New York City and published their first book three months later, a collection of crossword puzzles. They were warned against making their name as publishers of game books but, as they were to do often in the years ahead, they went ahead anyway and produced a best seller. (In November 1973 the company published the 106th in the series of crossword puzzle books.)

S. and S. (or Essandess) has issued a self-celebratory booklet for this occasion; they have every reason to do so. Lest we forget, in the skelter and welter of makeshift, often scrappy and instant publishing, it is good to be reminded that

► in 1939 S&S "experimented" with a paperback book they called Pocket Books, with a trial balloon, *The Good Earth.* So they were as responsible as anyone can be said to be for the paperback revolution in publishing in the US. Pocket Books appeared at the rate of one almost every day in 1973; their greatest success was Dr. Spock's *Baby and Child Care,* a second success *The Merriam-Webster Dictionary,* which sold more than 26 million copies.

► that two years after their puzzle book success they brought out Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy.* They had found the author among E. Haldemann-Julius' five cent Little Blue Books.

► that in 1942 they brought out the first 12 Little Golden Books, a printing that did much to revolutionize the children's book industry, making available well written, well illustrated and inexpensive books for children. Who among us has not raised a generation of children on such distinguished titles as *Tuffy the Tugboat* and *The Animals of Farmer Jones?* Three hundred million of some 200 titles have now been sold, and I am pleased to note that *Farmer Jones,* one of the first, is now 30 years later in the library of my grandchild.

► that the house was responsible for the publication of best sellers that have entered the realm of lasting additions to American writing: *Catch 22, The World of Mathematics,* Justin Kaplin's *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain,* which won the Pulitzer Prize, books by Bertrand Russell, Bernard Berenson, Robert Oppenheimer, Kazantzakis, Max Lerner.

► that this year it extended its long line of good publishing with such varied products as Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul* and Carlos Castaneda's *Journey to Ixtlan.*

To have survived 50 years is an achievement. To be in a position, it would seem, to look hopefully toward a second 50 is a matter for congratulation. I do so.

I knew very little about **Mrs. Humphrey Ward** before I read Enid Huws Jones' book of that title (St. Martin's Press; $7.95). Now I am aware of her ties to Aldous and Julian Huxley (their aunt), and to Matthew Arnold (her great uncle), and of the career of Mary Ward who was in her time (she died in 1920) a firm advocate of women's education, an equally firm opponent of women's suffrage (she thought women ought to be encouraged instead to use what liberties they already had to work for public causes in their own localities), and the author of 14 works (my count), all best sellers, but only one of which is today in print in this country *(Robert Elsmere,* University of Nebraska Press). Her career declined sadly and sharply in the last decades of her life, the first decade of this century, when it was no longer fashionable to write sentimental novels in which the influence of women as mothers and wives is the theme. Her work as founder and ardent supporter of a settlement house in Bloomsbury survived her literary reputation; her nephew Aldous was to wonder how she could write such "clap-trap." One of her admirers, Violet Markham, 80 years old, predicted in 1953 that "within another fifty years Mrs. Humphrey Ward will know a comeback." Well, as the author of this slight but fine biography says, "It may be so." I cannot help sharing her reservations.

In the September 22, 1973 issue of *TNR* Saul Maloff noted the appearance of the 18th issue of *American Review* edited by Theodore Solotaroff and said of it that it was "another striking instance of what has been . . . the best, most balanced and consistent performer amoung our literary periodicals." It is not repetitious or superfluous to note the appearance this month of the **AR 19** (Bantam Books; $1.95). The pleasure in reading one of these magazines "of new writing," which is its subtitle, is that I can find something I like more often than not, and this new one has so much I like that I falter before the enumeration. Most pleasure for me was in the discovery of a new writer named Max Apple, and his extraordinary satire on America, its plastic motels and ice-cream parlor emporia, and the new science of cryonics, all put together into a superb short story called *The Oranging of America* (a backhanded slap at Charles Reich?). This is the plum in this issue's pudding, but there are others: an excellent story by Carol Bly, an essay about the counterculture of the late '60s that sees demonic elements *(Faust)* in the radical movement of the time (oh Reich poor Reich where are you now that the backlash is setting in?), and good poetry by Anthony Ostroff, Ste-

## *The Great War Veteran*

The elder plays his coat,
an accordion of wool.
He swears his buttons break like eggs,
no quality. He sighs,
a lion mummified by winter scarves
and ninety years of late news.

He placed his country on a shelf
when the lights failed:
the Senate stuck a pig in Versailles.
He built his house on a spray
of Blake's sand,
up to his neck in divinity.

Now he lifts his hand, public,
moving on to taste the wind,
breaking his shroud on the gate,
hoisting a pimento flag.

ELISABETH EVANS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phen Berg and Honor Moore. And more, much more. Another issue is due out in April '74. A bargain of fine reading.

Two months ago I read **Jaws,** published recently by Peter Benchley (Doubleday; $6.95), and have been thinking about it ever since, and waiting for the legal time to recommend it to you as a thriller par excellence. The writing is not especially distinguished, but Benchley knows how to tell a compelling and suspenseful story about a Long Island town that is terrorized by a great white shark. The moral problem is like that which confronted the doctor in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People:* what to do about a resort town whose income is threatened by exposure of the truth about a threat to lives within it. But this is far from a great moral tale, nor does it pretend to be. An editor I know who is a hard sell on books confessed to me the book absorbed him, and it will absorb any reader of *The Old Man and the Sea* or the final chapters of *Moby Dick.* The Book-of-the-Month Club apparently thought so too.

**Daedalus,** Winter 1974, has produced an absorbing issue. The editor asked 18 American scholars to chose a book written in the 20th century that they considered to be a classic, that is, that merited reappraisal. Since this magazine has done this sort of thing among works of fiction and nonfiction as well, I found the scholar's choices interesting. For example Carl Degler writes on Mary Beard's *Woman as a Force in History,* Northrop Frye on Spengler's *Decline of the West,* Talcott Parsons on Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams,* Robert Coles on Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Nature and Destiny of Man* and Judith Shklar on *The Education of Henry Adams.* Only two writers touch the world of poetry, one on Yeats, another on Santayana writing on Lucretius, Dante and Goethe. No one enters the world of drama, and not one picks a work of fiction. So much for the great American novel, or any great 20th-century novel, for that matter.

A small, but interesting emanation from the Capra Press (Santa Barbara) is its chapbook series, reminiscent of the things Thomas Bird Mosher used to do in Maine years ago. I've seen four of these little paperback books ($2.50 each), and each one is well printed and fun to read. I liked especially Ross MacDonald's **On Crime Writing,** and most particularly a curious volume of poems by Lynn Sukenick called **Houdini.** There are 14 chapbooks now in print. I wouldn't be surprised if some day they are as hard to come by as the Mosher titles.

# Correspondence

## Torture & a Remedy

*Sirs:*

The article by Rose Styron on "Torture" (*TNR,* Dec. 8, 1973) was excellent from the point of view of arousing one's conscience to act in the face of the widespread use of torture throughout the world. However, it lacked a basic ingredient for effectively tapping the reader's conscience; it provided little method for action.

For over a year, we have been working to end the torture being practiced daily in the prisons of South Vietnam. It is estimated that there are more than 200,000 political prisoners being held in the jails of the Thieu regime. This prison system is financed and equipped by American money and industry. Without American aid, the system would collapse. American aid contributes $20 million to finance the police and prison system of South Vietnam. We are working to cut off this flow of our money. For those who are interested in working on this campaign, please write: Clergy and Laity Concerned, 542 South Dearborn, Rm. 510, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

*Ron Freund*
*Chicago, Ill.*

## Candor?

*Sirs:*

If President Nixon were honest, there would be no need for "Operation Candor." All he had to do was to disclose to the American people last summer that he had tapes of all his conversations with members of his White House staff. Presumably these tapes would show that he was unaware, as he claims, of any knowledge of Watergate incidents, and exonerate him of any wrongdoing. Instead he first hid the fact that there were tapes made. After Alexander Butterfield brought the tapes to light, Nixon did whatever he could to thwart an investigating committee's attempt to hear them—everything from invoking executive privilege to an 18-minute buzz.

Generally when a man wishes to prove his innocence, he welcomes the opportunity by making available any and all material relevant to the inquiry. In other words he throws open his records and says, "Gentlemen, I have nothing to hide." This is done, of course, only when he is innocent.

*Maurice Baer*
*Birmingham, Ala.*

## Author Replies

*Sirs:*

Joseph Featherstone has written a grudging and graceless apology (Correspondence, *TNR,* Oct. 20, 1973). He gratuitously invented and attributed to an earlier book of mine *The End of Ideology* a technocratic view of society, archly used it to warn of the "banana peel" that history tosses at forecasters and remarked that my book *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* reversed my "earlier view" [*sic!*] on key points. When it was called to his attention that the view he attributed to me was false—that he hadn't read the work and had taken over someone else's views second hand—he lacked the courtesy, or courage, to make a simple admission of error; his letter weaseled.

None of this would matter other than the fact that fewer people know of a book by reading it than by the "image" created by a reviewer. This is why there is an especial responsibility in intellectual journalism to be accurate. Mr. Featherstone has been irresponsible.

*Daniel Bell*
*Cambridge, Mass.*

*In reply:*

Although I was wrong about Bell's position in *The End of Ideology,* I would still argue that there has been an important shift in emphasis in his thinking in *Post-Industrial Society,* and that his present focus on a society wracked by competing political (and even ideological) demands on the public realm is quite a different, more realistic picture than that given in *The End of Ideology.*

*Joseph Featherstone*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Reconsidered

*Sirs:*

Peter J. Ognibene's "reconsideration" of *The American Political Tradition* (*TNR*, Dec. 29, 1973) reduces the book to a *plus ça change* . . . lesson about American history. This is due to the reviewer's not uncommon preoccupation with the form, instead of the substance, of American politics. Of several substantive themes the crucial one for Hofstadter was the long retreat of American democracy in the face of rising concentrated economic and political power. This theme is traced through nearly all the biographies, and is epitomized in the quotation from Wilson's attack on Teddy Roosevelt:

> I find, then, the proposition to be this: That there shall be two masters, the great corporation, and over it the government of the United States; and I ask who is going to be master of the government of the United States? It has a master now, —those who in combination control these monopolies. And if the government controlled by the monopolies in its turn controls the monopolies, the partnership is finally consummated (page 257).

In Hofstadter's acute analysis, it was the continuing merger of economic and political power which was feared by both conservatives and liberals, and which neither could stave off. Current events should make the contemporary relevance of this theme apparent.

*Paul L. Joffe*
*Arlington, Va.*

## On Education

*Sirs:*

While I find much to praise in Rep. Morris K. Udall's article "Where Do We Go From Here?" (*TNR*, Nov. 24, 1973), I am disturbed by the implications of his comments regarding liberal arts education. It is true that this nation is faced with a shortage of tradesmen and women. It should be equally obvious that the nation is faced with a shortage of liberal arts educated citizens. In view of the tragedy of Watergate and related crimes, the national shortsightedness concerning energy usage, and the blindness to the plight of the poor and the elderly, can anyone really suggest a reduction in the study of history, political science, economics, sociology or any number of other liberal arts areas? What this nation really needs is more tradesmen *with* a liberal arts background, producing a more intelligent voter, a more concerned business executive, a labor leadership more committed to the national good instead of being solely concerned with labor's welfare at the expense of the economy, the environment or the national well-being.

*Justus F. Paul*
*Stevens Point, Wisc.*

*Sirs:*

Joseph Featherstone ("Learning and Testing," *TNR*, Dec. 15, 1973) referred to the fact that in all the countries studied, boys do better than girls in science. Two explanatory possibilities were entertained, innate male superiority and sexual bias. Girls, it was noted, do better in literature. This fact appeared within parentheses. It was dismissed without explanation—no innate superiority, not even sexual bias.

What can it all mean?

*Irene Fast and Jeree Pawl*
*The University of Michigan*

## Harvard Perspective

*Sirs:*

Reviewing Michael Holroyd's *Unreceived Opinions* (*TNR*, Dec. 29, 1973), Mr. Frank Gado agrees with William Buckley that he would "rather be governed by a random selection from the telephone directory than by the Harvard faculty." As a member of the latter, I concur, but not for Mr. Holroyd's reasons. Mr. Holroyd's account of the Harvard trouble of 1969 is a perfect work of fiction, spiced by biased gossip. He was not here when it happened, and later listened only to the hyperbole of those who felt, at the time, that a rather short-lived and mild student explosion was tantamount to the end of Western civilization. It is precisely because of such a lack of perspective—which was at least as visible among the conservative faculty members as among the liberals—that I would not want to be governed by Harvard faculty: not, incidentally, a clear and present danger, in this post-Watergate administration.

*Stanley Hoffmann*
*Cambridge, Mass.*

## Errata

*Sirs:*

In my recent "An American Classic" (*TNR*, Jan. 5&12, 1974), I tried using several different examples of ballets by Balanchine in place of the two which finally got mentioned at the conclusion of the next to last paragraph: *Symphony in C* and *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra*. In the process a couple of copying errors occurred that are so obvious that few of your readers will need even to have them corrected. I would like to correct them nonetheless as a matter of record.

I did not mean to refer to Stravinsky's *Symphony in C* but to his *Symphony in Three Movements*, and the composer of the *Capriccio* is not Tchaikovsky, of course, but Stravinsky.

*Richard Poirier*

## Kauffmann, *from page 22*

pressures; and the question now about Dustin Hoffman is why he chose to play in an Italian film when he knew he would be mouthing English on top of which Italian would be dubbed. True, the director was Pietro Germi, who made some enjoyable films like *Divorce Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned;* but was that worth Hoffman's sacrificing half his acting self?

Not on several counts. *Alfredo Alfredo* (Paramount) not only has the false-voiced and uncomfortable Hoffman but is itself a crude and disproportionate satire. For its first two-thirds or so, it drags through an unhappy courtship and marriage, then belatedly it settles down to Germi's pet subject, the Italian marriage and divorce laws. Nothing about the film is freshly seen or justly treated. A misguided enterprise from Moment One.

At least it's easier to understand why Hoffman is in *Papillon* (Allied Artists). Reportedly he got over a million dollars (or was it a billion?) to appear with Steve McQueen in this film version of Henri Charriere's autobiography. McQueen is in the title role, a pimp who (he says) is framed on a murder charge and sent to French Guiana. Hoffman is a counterfeiter, sent out on the same

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship, who eventually becomes his friend.

This picture runs two and a half hours and seems longer. "Devil's Island" films have been with us since at least 1926—there's another one right now, with Jim Brown—and *Papillon* adds nothing to our knowledge of the penal colony, which has been abolished. McQueen is not very forceful; besides, his sufferings are long-drawn-out and—heartless as this sounds—banal. (Which means that they are film clichés.) Franklin J. Schaffner, the director, shows none of the sharpness that kept *Patton* urgent, nor does the cinematographer Fred Koenekamp, who also worked on *Patton*. Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple, Jr. tried hard to make one more prison-brutality-and-escape picture into an epic of moral grit; no luck.

Hoffman badly needs direction. Like Pacino, he's relying here on his unactorish looks and manner but without a good role to make the most of them. Mike Nichols did wonders with him in *The Graduate*, as did John Schlesinger in *Midnight Cowboy*. Lately he's been coasting, and here the director has let the actor sleep somewhere deep within this role.


## Personals

TOPICAL BUMPERSTICKERS! "Impeach Nixon!," "Honk If You Think He's Guilty," "Nixon For Ex-President," "Visit $an Clemente (You Paid For It!)," "Nixon: America's No. 1 Non-Taxpayer," "Nixon Leaves Me Cold!," "Impeachment With Honor." Also: "Energy Crisis Or Corporate Robbery?," and "Bust The Oil Trust!" Colorful vinyl. 2/$1, 6/$2 20/$5. Bulk discounts. CHECKERS ENTERPRISES, Box 942E, St. Louis, Mo. 63188.

BOOK COLLECTOR, we may have your needed books, or we'll locate them for you. TITLES, INC., Box 342N Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

COLLEGE DEGREES AT HOME! Complete Directory Accredited Universities offering correspondence courses $2.00. RESEARCH, Box 48533R, Los Angeles, California 90048.

SENSITIVE, INTELLIGENT MALE, 35, wishes to meet female of similar qualities. San Francisco. New Republic Box 6675.

DATES GALORE! Meet exciting singles. All areas. Only $5. Free application, write: BLIND-DATE, Room 504-N, 152 West 42, New York 10036.

MALE, 29, new to San Diego, seeks intelligent fascinating female. New Republic Box 6665.

"IMPEACH WITH HONOR," "RESIGN YOURSELF (Nix's Pic.)," Beautiful Bumperstickers. 1-50¢, 2-75¢, 3-$1.00. Polibump #1, P.O. 398, Newport Beach, Ca. 92660.

HELP AN UNDERPRIVILEGED AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD to remain in school, and have a new friend who needs you. $15 monthly. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Road, Washington, D. C. 20016, (301) 320-3536.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year bimonthly training course free. Write MEDITATIONS, P.O. Box 566 N, Ojai, California 93023.

HUMANISM: Position of Bertrand Russell, Thomas Szasz, Julian Huxley. A vital philosophy for free thinkers who really care about people. Free information American Humanist Association, Department NR, Box 7692, San Francisco, CA 94121.

END EXPLOITATION, oppression and war. Build a friendly, classless, democratic world. Join the Socialist Party, U.S.A., 1012 N. Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016.

HELP OVERCOME DISCRIMINATION and severe underprivilege. Sponsor a Spanish-American school child in New Mexico. Correspondence. Visitation. $180. per year. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Rd., Washington, D. C. 20016.

IMPEACHMENT. 73 charges against Nixon! Send for free copy of pamphlet. Bulk prices on request. Write to "Impeachment," Americans for Democratic Action, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

HYSTERICAL HONORARY DOCTORATES: Absolutely phony. Nevertheless impressive. Large, ornate, baroque diplomas. Your name imprinted. Gold seal. Only $10.00 postpaid. Create your own humorous titles (Latin or English) or send for our list of over 100 delightful degrees. Millard Fillmore Institute, 1627 Pontius Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

POLITICAL CALENDAR with original cartoons of Nixon, infamous quotes and timely reminders of Nixon Administration activities. This 15 x 24 functional wall calendar also lets you countdown the days of the Nixon Regime during 1974. Send $4.95 to MacBel Associates, 3213 Rolling Road, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015.

TIME TO RENEW WATCHBAND CALENDAR? 12 months, $1.50 (specify starting date). For "Happy Birthday—Have A Year on Me" card, add 25¢. IDEA HOUSE, Rye, N.Y. 10580

WRITE LONELY MAN IN PRISON. Send one dollar to cover cost of mailing. Brothers of Prisoners, Box 246 Huntley Illinois 60142.

IMPEACH NIXON & SENATOR SAM ERVIN T-Shirts, $3.95, 2/$6.95, Sweatshirts, $6.95, 2/$12.95. DESIGNED BY PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING POLITICAL CARTOONIST, FISCHETTI!!! Sizes: Medium, Large, X-Large. SHIRT-KING: Box 3893-N, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois 60654.

## Americana

BEER CANS wanted, over 5 yrs. old. Box 961, Ogden Dunes 2, Portage, Indiana 46368.

## Peace Personals

SAY GOODBYE, DICK! Bumperstickers—35¢. Inquire about bulk rates. Checks to New Jersey SANE, 324-N Bloomfield Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey 07042.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

# ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH!

## Special Introductory Offer

## 3 insertions for the price of 2

We realize that you can't test results on the basis of one week's classified ad so we will give you one week on us with your order for two weeks. Only 60¢ per word.

Please run the enclosed advertisement _____ times in THE NEW REPUBLIC. Advance payment of $_____ is enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

_____


(See rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, POSTERS. Custom-made creative work—genuine low prices. Information: Sullivan Advertising Company, 16 North Central, Clayton, Missouri 63105

## Literature

AUTOGRAPHED COPIES of Scott Nearing's political autobiography, THE MAKING OF A RADICAL, now available. Paperback $2.45. Cloth $6.00. Specify "autographed." Social Science Institute, Box 120, Harborside, Maine 04642.

NEW WOMAN'S SURVIVAL CATALOGUE. $5.50 postpaid. Papyrus Books, Dept. GLB, 2915 Broadway, New York 10025.

NUTRITION SCOREBOARD, called by *New Republic* "a rare, practical guide to living which everyone would do well to have," offers handy charts which rate food according to nutritional value. Excellent way to get children to eat better. $2.50. CSPI-B, 1779 Church St., Washington, D. C. 20036.

WOMEN'S LABOR—a special issue of Radical America. $2.00 from 5 Upland Road, Cambridge, Mass. 02140.

FREE BOOK, Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

## Literary Services

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Box 8202R, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15217.

TRANSLATIONS. German, Swedish, Danish. Eric Wilson, Ph.D., Box 24410, Los Angeles, California 90024. (213) 479-2876.

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details. Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011.

## Schools

**The Vershire School**

Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousands acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. North Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547

## Camps

CAMP BLUE HERON, Port Loring, Ontario. Our twelfth year providing informal and individualized programs of nature study, canoe tripping, and fun. Co-ed, ages 8-14, 30 campers per session commencing June 23, July 14, and August 4. Transportation from Buffalo or Toronto and return. Write Box 160, Fort Erie, Ontario L2A 5M9. Telephone 716—633-6193 or 513—275-6976.

GREENFIELDS—A SUMMER TEENAGE COMMUNITY. Awake from boredom, routine, confinement. We're into spontaneity, freedom, adventure. Write for details: RD1, Box 424, West Hurley, New York 12491.

## Foreign Studies

PHOTOGRAPHY, AIKIDO, MIME STUDIES. YGGDRASIL: Torupvej 31, 8771 Hundslund, Denmark.

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week non-political non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 10 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036. (212) 581-8113.

## Employment Wanted

PH.D. ADMINISTRATION, advanced studies in special education, broad institutional/school experience; seeks directorship/program responsibilities in child/youth institution. D. C., Va., Md., Del. Available September 1974. Reply to: New Republic Box 6650.

## Employment Opportunities

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1167-N, Kailua, Hawaii 96734.

TEACHERS ADMINISTRATORS: Leading school, college placement sources here, abroad. Current openings lists. EISN, Box 105, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

## Spare Time

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT PARAGRAPHS. Information Free. Barrett, Dept. C-456-G, 6116 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

## Property—Sale/Rent

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road. Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120, (216) 751-2155.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 Acre! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U. S. Send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-SM, Washington, D. C. 20009.

## Vacations/Travel

SEASHORE AND MOUNTAIN VACATIONS: Share ownership—use our condominium apartments, Lake Dillon, Colorado, and San Carlos Bay, Mexico. Philip Isely. 8800 W. 14th Avenue, Lakewood, Colorado 80215.

GRENADINES, WEST INDIES. Charter new, 32' sloop. Experienced skipper guarantees sun, privacy, exceptional French cooking, scuba, snorkeling. Best sailing, cheapest rates. Contact: Ann McIntosh, 238 West 22nd Street, New York City 10011 (212) 255-8775.

MEXICO, YUCATAN, OAXACA, etc. Anthropological studytours. University professors, small group. Students, 14-18, July; teachers, others; August. Hewitt, 6211 Maywood, Stockton, California 95207.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 J Bell, Bayside, New York 11361.

## Arts and Crafts

COMET KOHOUTEK MAP. Charts comet's path through 5,179 stars, 88 constellations. Two-color, 28½ x 17 in. Comes rolled in tube. $2.95 (postpaid). ASTROGRAPHICS, P.O. Box 2411, San Francisco, California 94126.

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINTS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 486 subjects. $8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road, Homewood, Illinois 60430.

BUY SILVER sheet wire/casting grain at lowest prices. Fast service via UPS. Free 28-page catalogue: jewelry-making tools, supplies, books, including silver price charts. ARE CREATIONS, Box 155U, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Box 28F, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

## Greenery

DISTINCTIVE, HAND-MADE POTS for bonsai, house plants or bulbs. Brochure. B. Courtman, P.O. Box 87N, Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania 16403.

## Records/Tapes

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1,200 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music. All stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932NR, New York, NY 10023.

## Music

SPINET HARPSICHORD for sale. Professionally made, used as demonstrator. Sarah Arnott, Utica, Montana 59452.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

18TH CENTURY FRENCH HARPSICHORD in kit form. We offer an authentic replica of an antique French double manual harpsichord with four registers and buff stop. All parts accurately pre-cut and ready for assembly. Frank Hubbard, 185H Lyman Street, Waltham, Massachusetts 02154

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS—Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented), $220-$795. Write Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers ($20 up), Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos; books, records, HERE, Inc., #N, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404.

### CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) . . . . . 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year . . . . . 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year . . . . 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year . . . . 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year . . . . 40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

**THE NEW REPUBLIC**

**1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.**
**Washington, D. C. 20036**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

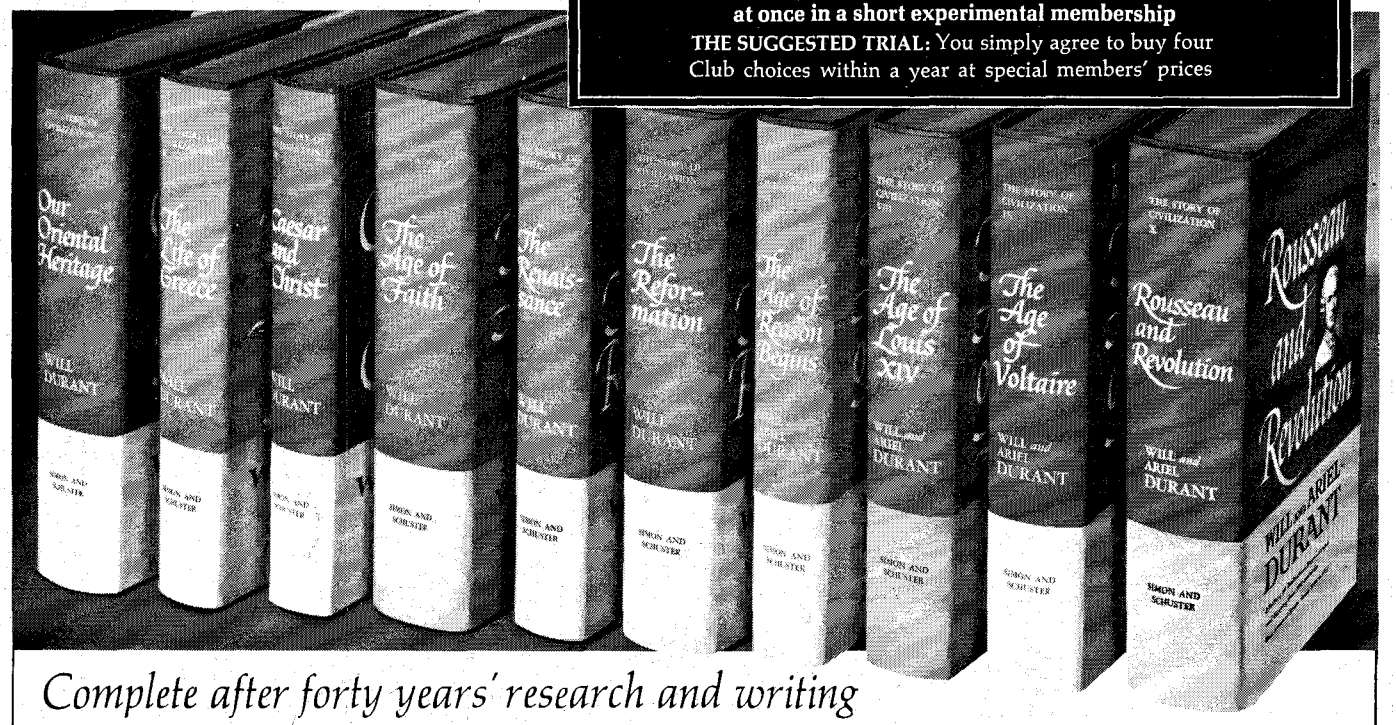
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

# THIS GREAT $150 TEN-VOLUME HISTORY FOR ONLY $1.50 A VOLUME

**at once in a short experimental membership**

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at special members' prices




*Complete after forty years' research and writing*

# The Story of Civilization

by WILL and ARIEL DURANT

JAN 16 1974

**I. Our Oriental Heritage.** Ancient Egypt and the Near East. The Far East, early to modern times.

**II. The Life of Greece.** Explores all facets of Greek life from prehistoric times to the Roman conquest.

**III. Caesar and Christ.** The rise of Rome and Christianity and the collapse of classic civilization.

**IV. The Age of Faith.** Christian, Islamic and Judaic civilizations, 325 to 1300, including the Crusades.

**V. The Renaissance.** Italy's golden age, 1304 to 1576. A turbulent world of intrigue and great art.

**VI. The Reformation.** Europe's religious conflicts, from two centuries before Luther to Calvin.

**VII. The Age of Reason Begins.** Europe, 1558-1646. The age of Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Galileo.

**VIII. The Age of Louis XIV.** The brilliant era of the "Sun King," Milton, Cromwell, Peter the Great.

**IX. The Age of Voltaire.** Europe from 1715 to 1756. The world of Frederick the Great, Wesley, Bach.

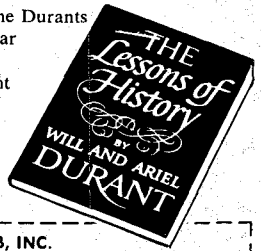
**X. Rousseau and Revolution.** Europe from the Seven Years' War to the storming of the Bastille.

**EACH OF THE TEN VOLUMES IN THE SET LISTS FOR $15**

## INCLUDED WITHOUT CHARGE

A brilliant summary of all the Durants learned during their forty-year study of world history . . . and an invaluable supplement to *The Story of Civilization.*

A copy will be included, *free,* with each set sent to new members who enroll at this time. **Pub price $5.95**




**BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.**
**280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017** **4-A127-1-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *The Story of Civilization* in 10 volumes, billing me $1.50 per volume. I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

*Address* ..... 35

*City* .....

*State* ..... *Zip* .....

THE TRIAL suggested here will prove, *by your own actual experience,* how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing,** through oversight, books you fully intend to read.

As long as you remain a member, you will be sent approximately every three and a half weeks the Book-of-the-Month Club *News,* a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year, which describes the Selection as well as scores of other books, most of which are available at substantial discounts – up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.** If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. However, there is no obligation to purchase any particular volume. If you do not want the Selection – or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all – simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified. If, because of late mail delivery of the *News,* you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.

**BOOK-DIVIDENDS:** If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy,* at least one Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.50** – somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets – will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system enables members to save **70% or more** of what they would otherwise have to pay for books they want to read and own.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED